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Contents

The Week 255

Editorials

Notes on Dementia Depressiona 258
Scrambling the Railroads 259
Canada Goes D. A. R. 261

General Articles

Should the Budget Be Balanced? ..... Sumner H. Slichter 262
Quest (verse) ..... Lizette Woodworth Reese 264
Peace in the Far East ..... Jonathan Mitchell 265
Students in Kentucky ..... Joseph P. Lash 267
To Hell with Magellan ..... T. S. Matthews 269
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 270
Little Flowers ..... Stark Young 271
American Premières ..... Paul Rosenfeld 273
"The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti" ..... Matthew Josephson 275

Reviews of Books

Hoover ..... Robert Morss Lovett 277
Inheritance Tax ..... Granville Hicks 278
Emily Dickinson's Own Story ..... Constance Rourke 279
The Literature of the East ..... Padraic Colum 280
Book Notes 280

The Week

THAT Hindenburg would win the second German election was a foregone conclusion, and the chief interest for the rest of the world lay in the size of the vote for the various candidates. It is not possible to draw from the results any important moral regarding the German situation which did not exist at the time of the first election. There seemed to be an impressive increase in the vote for Hitler, who increased his poll by 19 percent, while the total number of voters was decreased by about 3 percent, and the vote for Hindenburg increased only very slightly. The fact is, however, that the increase in Hitler's vote probably came in great part from the Hugenbergists, of whom it is estimated that four-fifths voted for the Nazi leader, and one-fifth for Hindenburg. If this theory is correct, the decline in the total vote would seem to be largely the result of abstention by the Communists and Socialists. The really serious test of Hitler's strength will come on April 24, when elections are held in Prussia and four other states. A large count for so much, and it is entirely possible that Hitler will obtain the most important victory of his career.

THE London conference over the Danubian countries was a complete and abject failure. Despite the fact that everyone knows Austria and Hungary are moving rapidly toward complete collapse, and that Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia are not much better off, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy found themselves completely unable to agree on anything, and were at their wits' end to find a formula which, as the conference broke up, would conceal the seriousness of their disagreement. That this failure was inevitable, all informed persons knew before the conference started. The famous French plan for the Danubian countries is not a scheme for their economic rehabilitation; it is a device by which France could swing Austria and Hungary into her orbit, where the other three countries already are. It would wreck existing channels of trade, which are mainly with Germany and Italy, and hardly at all with France. It would fasten upon Europe more tightly than ever the yoke of Versailles from which the Continent is already half dead. That the British should have stood with the French in the London conference is a monument to the incompetence of the present Tory government.

THE Geneva conference on limitation of armament, which has been a melancholy spectacle of futility ever since it began, probably reached its lowest point when Ambassador Hugh Gibson, on behalf of the United States, offered a proposal for the abolition of tanks, heavy mobile guns and poison gas. These suggestions had already been made, both by the French and the British, as a part of far wider plans; and even the suggestions of these two countries sound like a popgun compared with the Russian demand that all armament should be abolished. Mr. Gibson, and everyone else, know that the chances are a hundred to one against any real reduction of armament at the Geneva conference, the most important reason being that the United States is not prepared to pay

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American proposal can only be considered a bit of international propaganda. As such, it can deceive only the most credulous.

WHAT may be regarded as Governor Roosevelt's first campaign speech was made last week over a nationwide radio hook-up and under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. It was a characteristic performance—that is, it sounded progressive and yet, if carefully analyzed, it was seen to contain nothing which could hurt the feelings of the most orthodox, conservative Democrat. Governor Roosevelt rightly criticized the Hoover administration for being concerned about the rich and careless of the poor. He properly echoed the words of Mr. Justice Brandeis in remarking that this crisis is more serious than the Great War. He was on solid ground when he pointed to the strangling effect of our present high tariffs upon our exports as well as our imports. He was entirely wrong, in our judgment, in decrying the value of a great program of public works. He observed that we must restore the farmers' buying power, but he didn't say how. He wants the federal government to stop the foreclosure of mortgages on small farms and homes, without explaining how this huge task is to be accomplished. On every other aspect of the crisis, in its national and international phases, he was silent. To be sure, one cannot, as he pointed out, cover a dozen complicated subjects in the course of a brief radio address; but that fact does not, in our opinion, justify his making an address which will sound progressive to the progressives and conservative to the conservatives.

WEEKS ago, experts in social work from all parts of the United States went to Washington and testified in the Senate hearings on the La Follette-Costigan bill that the funds now in sight from private and public sources would not be adequate to meet the needs of persons rendered destitute by unemployment and the agricultural depression. The news which comes in from day to day indicates that these experts were correct. New York City is the wealthiest community in America, and probably less hard hit by the depression than some other industrial cities, such as Detroit. Yet even in New York, Mr. Frank J. Taylor, Commissioner of Public Welfare, has just sounded the alarm, declaring that at least $20,000,000 must be raised to prevent starvation in the city between June and November. There are 828,000 persons now getting help, and 600,000 of these will be without food unless new funds are found. The municipal appropriation of $12,500,000 will be exhausted by the end of June, and the Gibson Committee's $18,000,000 will be gone a month earlier. Mr. Taylor declares that "no graver situation ever confronted the people of this city. . . . Never in the history of New York has reached the end of their resources. Never have so many been threatened with eviction, illness through lack of nourishment, and even starvation as at the present time."

AN IRONIC footnote to Mr. Taylor's report is found in an article by Eleanor Flexner in Better Times, the magazine of the Welfare Council of New York City. In view of the widespread assurances that there is no starvation in the United States, Miss Flexner took the trouble to inquire in the New York City hospitals. She found that in this city in the year 1931 there were ninety-five cases of admission for starvation, of which twenty resulted in death in the hospital. As Miss Flexner points out, when we view the population as a whole, we see that starvation is only a minor and comparatively unimportant result of depression conditions. It comes when food is cut off with comparative suddenness; the real enemy is malnutrition, the result of a reduction in the quantity and quality of food, perhaps over a long period of time. The number of cases of permanent impairment of health, or of death, from malnutrition is enormously larger than the number of cases of starvation. A large fraction of the total population will pay the price of present suffering in lowered vitality for a whole generation to come.

MR. S. O. Levinson, the principal inventor of "the outlawry of war," has now come forward with a plan for the solution of the international problem. He would reduce the unpaid war debts to the United States to $1,400,000,000, payable at the rate of $100,000,000 a year for fourteen years. German reparations would also be reduced to a flat $150,000,000 a year for fourteen years. This sum would be obtained by reducing the interest rate on German private debts owed abroad from an average of 8 to 5½ percent, the difference covering the reparations payments. He would also require the Treaty of Versailles to be revised "to bring about political appeasement and amity among European peoples," and in order to make sure that this plan would not be repudiated by some future German government, he would require that it be accepted or rejected by a plebiscite among the whole German people. Finally, he suggests a general reduction of armament of 50 percent, in order to save the world $2,000,000,000 a year. This is an ingenious plan, and if Mr. Levinson were King of the World, and could put it into effect, it would be an improvement over what we have at present. But unluckily, Mr. Levinson is not King of the World, and despite its air of sober reality, his proposal has absolutely no chance of being accepted. He assumes that the desire of the statesmen of all countries is to obtain restoration of prosperity, but this is not true. The present French government certainly prefers to see

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appeals, he says, "from the conduct of war-mad nations to their sober sense of forgiveness, justice and peace." But in that case, why not bring forward a really thoroughgoing proposal? Why not suggest a complete abolition of war debts and reparations, and especially since an increasing number of thoughtful persons are now convinced that there will be no more payments of reparations and very few more of debts?

LAWRENCE or Gastonia, Harlan County or Morningside Heights: a strike is always a strike, and it is almost always fought by the same methods. The Columbia undergraduates who participated both in the student expedition to Kentucky described in the present issue of The New Republic, and later in the protest strike against the expulsion of Reed Harris, the editor of the college daily, had a chance to learn this great principle, as well as a number of lesser ones. They learned, for example, that a strike is always supposed to be caused by foreign agitators. In Kentucky they were doubtless told that the miners would have been glad to starve on a dollar a day—in company scrip—if it hadn't been for the damned outsiders from New York who came down there to stir them up about it. In New York City, they heard that a lot of "people from downtown" had caused the Columbia strike by intruding into those concrete walks of Academe where President Butler disseminates high Platonic wisdom. In both strikes the Communists were ultimately responsible—of course—and if you dug far enough into the woodpile, you would find that original piece of Moscow gold which has caused no less trouble in the modern world than Eve's original apple. But the students also learned another generality about strikes, and one that isn't so often printed in the papers. They learned that violence is usually started by precisely the people who talk loudest about maintaining law and order. County Attorney "I'm the Law" Smith of Bell County had his counterparts at Columbia; and the role of the Kentucky gun thugs was played by the Columbia football men bent, as they said, on "upholding the honor of the University." They used their fists on strikers and rotten-egged the speakers, but they weren't very accurate in their aim. When the combat ended, a large yolk-yellow smear and a bad smell were left on the statute of Alma Mater.

THE strike at Columbia had plenty of musical-comedy features which received full treatment in the daily press, but it had a serious aspect also. The strikers, who numbered about 1,200, or two-thirds of the undergraduate body, were making three principal demands: for the reinstatement of Reed Harris, for undergraduate free speech, and for an investigation of the university dining halls. The second of these demands has a contemporary importance which it did not possess during the flimsy and frenzied twenties, when the issue of undergraduate free speech usually involved nothing more important than the question whether dirty jokes should or should not be printed in the undergraduate humorous magazines. The indifference of those days seems to have died with the bull market, and students are showing a new interest in all sorts of political questions, national, international and collegiate. Inevitably they make a lot of ill considered statements, which are deplored by the university authorities, infected with timidity from their pursuit of timid philanthropists. Generally the presidents and the boards of trustees attempt to set up a censorship; a faculty adviser is instructed to read all contributions to student publications, and thus to prevent the appearance of anything offensive to possible benefactors of the university. Columbia has so far resisted this process, but it has been going on at other institutions all over the country, and it happens that Reed Harris was one of the few student editors who was making a vigorous fight against it. The Columbia strike serves notice, not to the Columbia authorities alone, but indirectly to those of other colleges, that the students won't submit to it without a struggle. Incidentally, the strikers were successful in one of their other demands. The university dining halls, which are apparently not above criticism, are to be investigated by a committee on which two students will serve.

REVOLUTION continues to flare out in one South American country after another as economic difficulties grow more severe, Ecuador and Chile being the latest countries to get into the headlines. In Ecuador an armed revolt is under way, headed by Major Ildefonso Mendoza. Although the government promptly announced that it had been suppressed, Major Mendoza still retains control of "the navy"—two gunboats—and at the moment, he has succeeded in blockading the port of Guayaquil. In Chile, which is on the verge of an economic collapse, former President Alessandri has just been elected to the Senate. There he will form a dangerous spearhead for the opposition to President Montero, successor to the dictator Ibañez who was deposed last year. The country is under martial law, and another revolution is possible at almost any minute. Trouble is also brewing in the Argentine Republic, where the followers of Irigoyen have already declared "illegal" the government of General Justo. It should be strongly emphasized that none of these revolutionary movements is at present of a radical character. There are Communist movements in all South American governments, but they are rigidly suppressed, harried by the police, and unable to do anything. The present revolutionists are perhaps to be compared with Kerensky in Russia; it is possible that they, too, may be supplanted, as things are going now, by genuine Communist regimes, in close touch with Moscow.

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Notes on Dementia Depressiona

WE ARE visiting the Observation Ward. Laying aside for the moment any attempt to cure these obviously deranged patients, let us jot down for future reference some of the more comic aspects of their behavior.

Stock Tax and Sales Tax. Wall Street, which thoroughly approved the effort to pin a tax of 2¼ percent on the sales of nearly all manufactured articles, cries that a tax of ¼ of one percent on the sale of shares will destroy the stock market. Are buyers of stocks less able to pay taxes than consumers of goods? Why is a burden on sales any sounder in one case than in the other? Does it ever occur to brokers that the desirability of stocks depends on the sale of goods?

Secretary Mills and the Budget. The Secretary of the Treasury under an administration which had loudly proclaimed that balancing the budget was necessary as a patriotic duty turns aside to protest, before a Senate Committee, against placing higher taxes on estates, gifts and dividends. When the shoe pinches, he becomes a lobbyist for the rich and, like the lobbyists for all the other interests, wants to balance the budget only at the expense of someone else. His argument assumes that as great as possible exemption of his own group is necessary for the general welfare.

Tax Exempts and Public Spending. The standard alibi of the administration in opposing high income taxes in the upper brackets is that rich men will escape by putting all their money into tax-exempt government securities. This has never yet happened, but suppose it did. The standard alibi of the administration against an expanded program of public works to combat depression is that the government could not borrow the money, or could do so only at punitive rates. Do rich men subject to high taxes want to buy government securities, or do they not? The logical action, in view of the administration's two arguments, is to raise the income-tax rates, issue bonds to supply the resulting increased demand of the rich, spend the money in needed public works, and thus aid employment and trade. Then the higher tax yields of more active business would retire the loans, and force the investments of the rich elsewhere. This is an admirable way to put hoarded money into circulation. Certainly the rich are not now investing their surplus in expansion of business.

Governmental Economy. Having for months urged others to spend freely and employ as many persons as possible, the government is now engaged in a hysterical attempt to spend less freely and diminish the amount of employment which it supplies. The poignancy of this joke is increased by the fact that most private persons and business concerns have been obliged to economize because [illegible] borrowings, whereas the government, with its taxation power and its superior credit, is in a position to increase both. Where are the old copybook maxims about the power of example?

Governmental Efficiency. Having decided to slash governmental expenses, the administration and the newspapers overlook the fact that by far the biggest expenses are for veterans' service and compensation, debt service, and the army and navy. Debt service cannot be cut at present except by postponing debt retirement, which would keep it up in the future. Payments to veterans and maintenance of the army and navy appear to be superior, in the public mind, to the assumed needs of the moment. So we turn to the comparatively small gains that may be made by increasing the efficiency of the civilian departments. What is increased efficiency? It is the accomplishment of more work with less labor. What is its public gain? Precisely nothing, if the released labor is unemployed. The reform, which has been advocated ever since the administration of President Taft, is now, at long last, being pushed at a time when the ability to employ released labor is at the lowest ebb in our history. We suppose that the government, having released trained personnel, will then turn to "make-work" expedients and set the disemployed to picking up paper in the parks.

Private, Local Relief. Nothing could have been more explicit than the statements of President Hoover and Mr. Walter Gifford that relief of the unemployed would be sufficiently provided by private charity and local public treasuries. If it were not, they would turn to federal aid before letting anybody starve. In New York, the richest city in the country, 600,000 human souls will begin to starve on June 1, according to the Commissioner of Public Welfare, unless new funds can be found. These cannot be raised by private subscription, while the City Controller will not allow a bond issue to meet the emergency. We hear nothing from the President or Mr. Gifford.—But, of course, the United States is to be congratulated because it has no disastrous "dole"!

Deflation and Reflation. While the President, Congress and the respectable newspapers are doing everything in their power to promote deflation in the great economic activity which is under their control—i.e., the federal government—they wonder why the banks do not use the expanded credit resources supplied by recent legislation, and pursue at least a mildly inflationist policy. Mr. Hoover even lectures the banks on this point. Why, Mr. President, should any bank want to lend freely or any private business want to expand, when there is no expansion of the market for goods and the government is doing its utmost, in its own bailiwick, to decrease the amount of employment and of money in circulation?

The Confidence Game. For two years, now, the President has been trying to restore confidence by [illegible] ight to have it. Each effort

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in this direction, though sometimes it has had a minor immediate effect, has been followed by an even more disastrous collapse. It is no good, Mr. Hoover. What kind of confidence is needed? Confidence that goods can be sold at a profit. Will moral exhortations supply it? No. Will false optimism, based on nothing in the tangible figures, supply it? No. Will a balanced budget supply it? No. Nobody is going to have confidence as long as he has to achieve it by a belief that he ought to have it. He will have it when he has it. And nothing can give it to him except the movement of forces outside himself—an upward trend of sales, employment, prices. Can the government produce this result by talk, or by waiting for business and finance to move, or by trying to help them to move? No. Unless the result comes accidentally and without foresight, it can be produced only by governmental action to increase employment and spend more money.—But this is the exact opposite of the Hoover policy.

The Dissociated Personality. In this Observation Ward, the crazy people don't think they are crazy. They think they are pillars of sanity. But you can tell they are crazy because their thoughts and emotions and acts do not hang together. They say they want one thing, and then act in such a way as to produce the contrary result. They are, like most crazy people, dissociated personalities. That is because they are not sufficiently in touch with reality. They do not understand how thoroughly things do hang together, and depend on one another, in the real world. They talk about taxes, and expense cutting, and budget balancing, and confidence, and revival, and deflation and inflation, as if each of these were a separate subject and could be handled by rule of thumb, in disregard of its effect on other things. They can be cured, if at all, only when they see that what is needed is a policy relating all these realms. Sanity requires a coördination of movements which will get one where one wants to go. It implies an integration of desires, and an absence of delusions as to what is mutually compatible.

Scrambling the Railroads

IN THE flood of controversial congressional measures, one important bill is in danger of being overlooked, because it deals with a technical subject which is not well understood by the public. This is the Rayburn Bill, which places the consolidation activities of railroad holding companies under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, makes provision for undoing some of the most dangerous work which these companies have done, and endeavors to facilitate sounder methods of railroad consolidation. The railroad holding company, under existing law, provides a means of direct escape from the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission over the realization of the Commission's plan for the unification of the railroads of the United States into systems, a plan drawn up in obedience to a congressional mandate in the Interstate Commerce Act. No less serious is the danger to the interests of the investors in the holding companies, and to the financial position of the underlying railroads.

Section 5 of the Interstate Commerce Act was designed to give the Commission complete jurisdiction to approve or disapprove railroad combinations. The gigantic combines of the Van Sweringens offer a notable illustration of the evasion of the decrees of the Commission and the establishment of unified groups inconsistent with the Commission's plan. Through the agency of several holding companies, notably the Allegheny Corporation, the Van Sweringen interests acquired control of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Erie, the Nickel Plate, the Pere Marquette, the Missouri Pacific, and probably the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroads. The Commission at one time refused to approve the acquisition of control by the Nickel Plate of the Erie and the Chesapeake and Ohio, on another occasion, by the Chesapeake and Ohio of the Erie. Thus, not only was the group control by the Allegheny Corporation effected without any decision by the Commission that the grouping in question would be justified in the public interest, but specific findings of the Commission have, in effect, been circumvented.

Among the dangers of such action is one that railroad groups will compete for control of strategic railroads regardless of the public interest. This was brought out in connection with the Missouri Pacific-Van Sweringen alliance. As Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman pointed out at a recent hearing on the Rayburn Bill, "it is difficult to believe that this union of Eastern and Western systems can persist without complicating the entire consolidation program and stimulating a desire on the part of other Eastern systems to have controlled Western connections."

Equally dexterous have been the tactics of the Pennsylvania Railroad interests in creating a group of railroads under common control, which is inconsistent with the proposed systems of the Commission's consolidation plan. The Pennroad Corporation, an affiliated holding company, has acquired controlling stock interests in the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, the Raritan River, the Canton Company, and the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, and substantial interests in the Boston and Maine, the Seaboard Air Line and the New Haven. The Pennsylvania Railroad itself has large stock interests in the New Haven; while the New Haven controls the Boston and Maine. Despite the testimony of President Pelley of the New Haven that the Pennsylvania has not told the New Haven how to run its affairs, the New England acquisitions of the Pennroad Corporation have given the Pennsylvania a potentially large voice in the affairs of

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policy without express command. This situation has arisen despite strong opposition by New England Governors' Committees which have studied the matter. Through another affiliated holding company, the Pennsylvania Railroad has acquired control of the Wabash and Lehigh Valley Railroads.

Thus, although the Pennsylvania Railroad is assigned to system No. 4 by the Commission's consolidation plan, its interests control completely or substantially the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, the Seaboard Air Line, the Wabash and Lehigh Valley Railroads, assigned to system No. 7, the New Haven, allocated to system No. 2, the Boston and Maine, assigned to system No. 1, and the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, to be divided between systems Nos. 5 and 7. In setting up a group inconsistent with the Commission's plan, the Pennsylvania interests have proceeded under the theory that the Commission is without jurisdiction, and have hitherto escaped by means of the holding company.

A corollary of this evasion is the creation of capacity to veto and obstruct the realization of the Commission's plan. Referring to the Pennsylvania's activities, Dr. W. M. W. Splawn, Congress's expert investigator of the holding-company problem, points out that this railroad group "controls sufficient carriers assigned to the Commission's system No. 7 to enable it, if it so desires, to block the realization of that system. It has acquired enough control over the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton to veto the Commission's disposition of that property in its final consolidation plan as between systems Nos. 5 and 7." The Pennsylvania has similar weapons at hand to forestall the Commission in its plans for the New England roads.

Another menace in the activities of these holding companies is the threat of direct injury to their stockholders. The control of large railroad properties has been concentrated in a few hands, not the real owners, by pyramiding stockholdings. The Van Sweringen holdings offer an excellent example of the complicated structure of one of these pyramids. The key to this control is the Allegheny Corporation, controlling underlying railroads, which is in turn controlled effectively "through ownership of 39.75 percent of its stock by the General Securities Company, one-half of the stock of which is owned by the Vaness Company, about 40 percent of the stock of which is owned by the Van Sweringen brothers." This pyramid is virtually lifted by a shoestring, for the equities of the Van Sweringens in the underlying railroads comprising their system, based on their proportion of contributed capital, average less than one percent.

Similar results have been obtained in the case of the Pennroad Corporation by the device of a voting trust. Its stockholders surrendered all voice in its management to three trustees in the certificate of incorporation.

The danger of this shoestring control is that in- [illegible] indirect benefit of the holding-company stockholders. In legal theory, the Pennroad Corporation is separate and distinct from the Pennsylvania Railroad. There is no substantial identity of stockholders, and only one of the voting trustees is a director of the railroad. Yet the investments of the holding company indicate that the theory runs counter to fact. As Commissioner Eastman testifies:

> A striking example of the policy followed is the investment of more than $4,500,000 in Seaboard Air Line common stock. There was no prospect of dividends on this stock, which was all purchased after the panic of 1929 and almost on the verge of the receivership. Conceivably it might be of some advantage to the Pennsylvania Railroad to have a voice in the management af this connecting railroad, but that could be of no advantage to an independent Pennroad Corporation. The Pittsburgh and West Virginia paid dividends of 6 percent in 1929, and 6 percent (partly out of surplus) in 1930. An investment in its stock at $170 per share could not be justified by an independent Pennroad Corporation, but might conceivably be of advantage to the Pennsylvania Railroad in keeping this entrance to Pittsburgh out of the hands of competitors. The total invested in this road was nearly $38,000,000.

The financing of the Pennroad Corporation was sponsored by Kuhn Loeb and Company, whose $5,251,586 underwriting fee indicates the temptation offered banking houses to create holding companies regardless of the public interest.

The Van Sweringen financing reveals even more strikingly the dangers to the railroads underlying holding companies. These, including the Allegheny,

> having purchased at high prices mere stock equities in various railroad companies, made these investments a basis for the issuance of bonds and preferred stock which they sold to investors, retaining control through a margin of common shares. . . . The financial structure thus created was manifestly overloaded with fixed charges and a source of danger, if the earnings of the underlying railroads should be reduced by changes in economic conditions. . . . Where such a situation is created, moreover, there is danger that it will affect unfavorably the affairs of the underlying railroads, not only because of the reflected influence upon their credit, but also because of the temptations to drain the resources of the railroads to meet the heavy load of fixed charges or preferred dividend payments.

Such financing of the Van Sweringen projects was sponsored by J. P. Morgan and Company. The dangers predicted are by way of being realized. Any method of combining railroads by stock acquisitions seems inherently weak. When money is available to buy stocks, prices are comparatively high, and vice versa. For instance, the Allegheny Corporation, after paying as high as $159.87 per share for Pere Marquette stock, recently sold 46,200 shares of the same to the Chesapeake and Ohio at $11 per share. For this reason, more direct methods of combination than the holding company

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Canada Goes D. A. R.

CITIZENS of this country, engaged in the struggle for the maintenance of at least minimum standards of civil liberties, have been in the habit of looking rather wistfully across the border at Canada. There, they have told themselves, the Anglo-Saxon tradition of free speech and a free press has continued to flourish sturdily, while our own has fallen into decay. Until recently this was true; but nowadays, Canada has become about as ruthless as this country in the suppression of freedom, at least for political revolutionaries. One of the worst blows ever struck at civil liberties in this hemisphere is undoubtedly the recent decision of the Appellate Court of the Province of Ontario sustaining section 98 of the Canadian Criminal Code.

This law was passed in 1919, when the post-war hysteria was raging, and was temporarily augmented by the Winnipeg general strike. It prohibits any organization whose purpose is to bring about governmental, industrial or economic change by the use of force, or which teaches, advocates, advises or defends the use of force to accomplish such a change, or for any other purpose. Membership in such an organization can be punished with twenty years in prison. A landlord who allows a meeting of such an association on his premises can be sentenced to five years and a $5,000 fine. Anyone who publishes or sells a book advocating the prohibited doctrines can also receive a twenty-year prison sentence. Incredible as it seems, one is presumed to be a member of an illegal organization (unless he can prove that he is not) if he has attended a meeting, spoken publicly in its advocacy, or distributed any of its literature, by mail or otherwise. It is not surprising that Professor F. R. Scott of the law faculty of McGill University recently wrote, in The Canadian Forum, that "no one can be sure just how much liberty of speech and association survives—except that it is pretty small. It is a good red-blooded article with 115 lines of definitions, offenses and penalties all . . . obscurely worded . . . [and will make] lots of people who are not actually Communists liable to prosecution."

This law had been a dead letter for more than a decade, and was revived not long ago for the purposes of the new era of persecution. The case which came before the Appellate Court was that of eight Canadian Communists, seven of whom have now been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and one to two years. There is no appeal from the decision of the court. There are at least four thousand other Communists in Canada who, at least in theory, are just as liable to prosecution and to sentences up to twenty years. Alien Communists are also liable to deportation at the end of their prison terms. During the whole time that this law has been on the statute books, efforts have been made blocked by the Canadian Senate alone, and once by only three votes. Repeal is opposed by Prime Minister Bennett, who has let it be known that he proposes to make sure that the law stays in force. In this attitude, he has the whole-hearted support of the Catholic Church which, because of Quebec, is extremely powerful in Canadian affairs.

One case of police repression which has had wide public attention concerned an American, J. Louis Engdahl, secretary of the American branch of the International Labor Defense, who was arrested for speaking at a protest meeting in Montreal. Although he was charged with uttering "sedition," he was in fact arrested before he had had time to utter more than a few words of greeting to the audience. When Inspector E. Bilodeau of the Montreal police was told that Engdahl had spoken repeatedly over a long period of time in the United States without ever being arrested, he said, "It is not my fault if Engdahl was not arrested in the United States. But in Montreal, we do not allow seditious utterings. . . . This protest . . . will not scare us . . . into allowing such phrases as those used at the meeting . . . my orders are strict and my men obey. There will be no sedition preached in Montreal."

Some of the recent actions of the Canadian police would be funny if the situation were not so serious. The chairman of a meeting was arrested because he asked the members of the audience who were in favor of a certain resolution to rise. It turned out that the thick-headed police spy who was present thought he had said "all those in favor of a revolution." On another occasion, a grocery's delivery boy was arrested and beaten by police on the charge that he was attempting to deliver a package of Russian literature to a Communist meeting. After he had been manhandled, the package was opened and discovered to contain a nice mess of broken eggs. Incidentally, the meeting which was being watched when this lad was arrested was one of middle-class business and professional people, who called themselves "the Saturday Night Discussion Club." On that particular evening they were hearing "some arguments against Communism."

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Should the Budget Be Balanced?

AMERICAN industry possesses the finest physical plant in the world, but our ability to get goods from it depends, of course, upon the skill with which we manage it. Never has this truth been more important than today when we are engaging in much reckless talk about the necessity of balancing the budget. The same brokers' letters that three years ago were urging us to buy stocks at from thirty to forty times their earnings now warn us that the country faces ruin if the budget is not balanced by 1933, and the leaders of Congress and executive officials vie with one another in reiterating the same opinion. Speaking over the radio on March 12, Secretary of the Treasury Mills said: "There is no more important issue before the country. The foundation upon which the structure of restoring prosperity must rest is the unimpaired credit of the national government." Two weeks later President Hoover himself in a special statement called a balanced budget "the very keystone of recovery" and predicted that "without it the depression will be prolonged indefinitely."

During the last twelve years the national government has reduced its debt from $26,600,000,000 to $16,800,000,000, or at the rate of over $800,000,000 a year. The per-capita debt is now 44 percent below the 1919 peak. With the national debt far smaller than in 1919, why should there be such deep concern over the credit of the United States? Is it not high time that we throw off our hysteria and examine sanely and sensibly the extent to which it is desirable to balance the budget? Is a balanced budget in truth "the keystone of recovery?"

The man in the street, who knows little about public credit, foreign exchange, the gold standard and such matters, is interested in the budget from the standpoint of taxes. He knows that in the long run the cost of operating the government comes out of his pocket, and a reduction in expenditures for the purpose of balancing the budget appeals to him as a way of making taxes less than they otherwise would have to be. But is this the way to keep down taxes? It is estimated that the present income rates would yield only $867,000,000 for the year 1932-33. But in 1929-30, they yielded nearly three times as much, or $2,411,000,000. Obviously the way to reduce taxes is to revive business. And yet how is business to be revived? A rich county in New York State, which two years ago spent over $5,000,000 on roads, plans this year to spend less than $600,000. The president of a Middle West- [illegible] January, 1932, the railroads spent over 40 percent less on maintenance than in January, 1930. This morning's paper contains an editorial congratulating the town of Wellesley on reducing its expenditures. Is this the way to become prosperous? One need not be a student of economics to understand that we shall never regain prosperity by spending less and less. Prosperity can be restored only by spending more. And in this spending more, must not the government do its share and, indeed, take the lead? Surely it is far better able to risk an increase in expenditures than are most individuals and business enterprises. If the government can give greater aid to business by spending more than by spending less, we find ourselves face to face with the surprising conclusion that the way to keep down taxes is for the government to spend more! This may sound like "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," but it is not difficult to understand and (subject to certain qualifications) it is, I think, sound economics.

But what are the arguments given in favor of balancing the budget? Had the depression not produced an extraordinarily acute financial crisis, there would be little to be said for attempting to achieve a balance in the midst of a slump. But the financial panic has to some extent made a difference. Despite the fact that the panic is subsiding and hoarding is diminishing, the public lacks confidence. In the minds of a more or less hysterical people the budget has become a symbol, and so we must achieve a balance, it is said, in order to reassure the common man and to convince him that the country is sound. More important than this is the direct effect of the budget upon the money market. Failure to balance the budget would require the government to increase its borrowings. The bond market, which is none too strong, would be put under greater pressure, the prices of government securities and other high-grade bonds would sink, banks would suffer losses and might again be threatened with failure, enterprises which have bond issues maturing would experience trouble refunding them, receiverships would multiply and credit would be tight. Put in more positive terms, this argument asserts that a revival of business depends upon easy money and a revival of confidence, and that these two in turn depend in large degree upon a balanced budget. Finally, it is pointed out that foreign owners of dollar balances and American securities have anxiously been watching our "free gold" figures for months and have demonstrated that they will withdraw their funds and even sell their American securities upon any sign that we do not intend to balance the budget. Failure to achieve a balance, [illegible] large withdrawals of funds and capi-

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It must be conceded that, under present conditions in particular, there are substantial advantages in having a budget which may justly be regarded as balanced. But what is a balanced budget? Secretary Mills says: "By a balanced budget we mean that the government will live within its income; that current receipts will be adequate to cover current expenditures and that borrowing will not be resorted to to pay the ordinary running expenses of the government." Let us accept this definition. But what are "the ordinary running expenses" of the government? Are new roads, new post offices, improvements to rivers and harbors, irrigation dams? Every private business distinguishes between current expenses and capital investments. When it puts up a new building, that is not an operating expense; it is an investment, an addition to capital. A private business manager would be appalled if he were told that he must count the cost of the new building as a current expense and must regard his company as incurring a deficit unless it could pay the entire cost of the new building out of revenues earned during the year of construction. He would regard anyone who computed deficits in this manner as crazy. And yet this is precisely how the federal government computes its deficit. No distinction is made between current operating expenses and outlay for permanent improvements or additions to plant and equipment. New battleships, new tanks, new post offices, new roads, all count as just so much current operating expense! By all means let us give the public the balanced budget that it desires—in the sense that all current expenses are paid out of current receipts. Let us raise enough new money by taxes to achieve a real balance, but, in determining how much we must raise, let us employ the same elementary accounting distinctions and concepts which every business uses every day. Let us not confuse current expenses with additions to plant and equipment and let us not make the ridiculous assumption that the credit of the United States will not permit it to pay for permanent improvements by issuing serial bonds which would mature faster than the improvements depreciate. Certainly the credit of the government is good enough to permit it to finance permanent improvements by the same methods that business concerns employ.

With this as a starting point, we can consider how far it would be wise for the government to go in stimulating business by expanding its construction program. Cannot the executive officers of the government and the leaders of the two parties in Congress agree upon a list of projects which either *must* or *should* be built by 1934, 1935 or 1936? After the list has been prepared, let them agree on the projects which could easily be constructed at once. Such an expansion of construction might perhaps come to half a billion or even

investment for two or three years or less. As a matter of fact, there would probably be no additional burden at all, because the economies of construction in the midst of depression would more than offset the extra interest charges. In addition, the construction would come at a time when it would do the most good in providing employment and reviving business. Last summer the newspapers reported that as part of the economy program an appropriation of about $50,000 to install air cooling in the White House had been stricken from the budget. Within several years, in all probability, this item will be restored and the installation will be made. But instead of the work's being done this year or next, when it would furnish much needed employment, it will be done several years hence, when the country is again prosperous and when employment is fairly good. It will swell the demand for labor and goods and thus accentuate the boom and the subsequent crash. Here we have epitomized the present fiscal policy of the government. Instead of moving the construction program of 1934 and 1935 ahead to 1933, the government is doing exactly the reverse. *It is putting off, until a period of boom, work which might be done in the midst of depression.*

But all of this, the reader may object, overlooks the effect of the government's borrowing upon the banks and the money market. Would not an increase in government borrowing delay recovery by making credit tighter? The argument that it would is a remarkable one. It overlooks the obvious but all-important fact that the government will use the borrowed funds to buy goods. *Does anyone really believe that the money market would react unfavorably to an increase in the demand for goods?* It is true that, despite the fact that short-term interest rates in many places are not high, credit is tight. But it is tight, not because of a great demand for loans—for they are much less than they were a year ago—but because depositors have withdrawn their money. Credit will become easier just as rapidly as the public regains confidence in the banks and the banks regain confidence in the public. The best way to restore confidence is to give the business of the country a definite prospect of an increase in orders. The government can create this prospect by formulating a sensible and carefully planned, but not too timid, program for expanding public works. This is why an increase in government construction is precisely what both the money market and business in general need. Especially is this true of the long-term money market. Funds have been piling up in the short-term market, creating an abnormal spread between short-term and long-term interest rates, because enterprises have had so few orders and have been making such small profits that investors have been afraid of distant maturities.

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President Hoover, would not a modification of our fiscal policy precipitate a "flight from the dollar" which might drive us off the gold standard? No one knows. It must be conceded that our leaders by their reckless speeches have fostered a dangerous popular psychology both here and abroad—a psychology which greatly increases the difficulty of shifting to a sensible fiscal policy. But suppose that foreigners withdrew balances and sold securities on a large scale. The stock exchange might be forced to set minimum prices, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation might be compelled to come to the aid of more banks, the government might find it necessary to control gold exports and to ration exchange, and possibly to protect the banks by a general guarantee of deposits. Some economic groups would be hard hit and the uncertainty which would at once envelop the whole economic situation would, of course, be more or less disadvantageous to all branches of business. Nevertheless, we must not overlook the fact that there would be compensating effects. How much the depreciation in the external value of the dollar would stimulate our export trade would depend upon the tariff policies of foreign countries, and whether a cheaper dollar would assist world recovery by helping our foreign debtors to pay their obligations to us would depend upon how the courts interpret the gold clause contained in most bond contracts. Of very great importance, however, would be the effect upon the internal price level. The decline in prices would be halted and a rise would set in—an enormously powerful stimulant to all business. But the chances are that no "flight from the dollar" would occur—at least not if the modification of our policy were made in a responsible fashion and with the coöperation of both parties. The situation in America today is far different from that which existed when foreign balances were being withdrawn last fall. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been created, the Glass-Steagall Bill has been passed, our banks have apparently ceased failing, and hoarded money is slowly returning. Foreign short-term balances have been substantially decreased and at the same time our "free gold" has been enormously increased—it is now believed to exceed foreign short-term balances. These changes give the government an opportunity to alter its policy without provoking undue alarm abroad.

In contemplating the possible results of a modified fiscal policy let us not overlook the fact that our present policy also has consequences. Not far ahead of us looms a fourth winter of unemployment, with the probability that from six to nine million men will be on the streets. Between now and that time it is imperative that vigorous and courageous steps be taken to revive industry. If nothing has been done, if leadership has not been shown by either political party, if the public enters for moderate and controlled inflation and we shall find ourselves back in one of the old-fashioned cheap-money fights of the nineteenth century.

Sooner or later the enormous gold mine which the world has miraculously discovered in India is bound to produce an effect. But this is a year when business is disposed to do much waiting—to wait for the outcome of tax legislation here and of elections here and in France, to wait for the results of Lausanne in June and Ottawa in July, to wait for the drop in prices to cease. Unfortunately, by waiting for the drop to cease, business causes it to continue. Under these circumstances leadership in initiating a recovery is needed from the government. A public-construction program of a billion dollars would not in itself put more than one-eighth (possibly only one-tenth) of the unemployed back to work, but it is probably as large a program as could be satisfactorily managed on short notice. Its principal effects, however, would be indirect. By halting the drop in prices and by putting a little more profit into business, it would give many enterprises the courage to do some long deferred spending. This in turn would gradually cause consumers to spend more rapidly, and the upward spiral would be started. Surely our leaders in Washington can visualize what a fourth winter of unmitigated unemployment would mean. Why, then, do they tempt fate by planning a budget which will aggravate rather than diminish unemployment?

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

Quest

Take the old house by the throat;
Shake it to and fro,
Till it tells you where she is:
The old house will not know.

Old yards tender with the sun—
Turn them in and out;
Old stairs that climb up to the dark—
Set them in a rout.

Ask the shepherd on the hill,
Trudging to his fold,
Between the stalks of mullein flowers,
The sea-white, and the gold.

He will wear a battered cloak,
Stare with November's eyes;
Stopping there amongst his sheep,
Long, sad, weather-wise.

Make him tell you all he knows,
From the last to first,
As one drinks from a great cup,
To quench a bitter thirst.

He will point you to a field,
Down, and down, and down,
To a field, and to a grave,
[illegible] from town

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Peace in the Far East

THE PRESENT inconclusive and seemingly lackadaisical negotiations at Shanghai are, in fact, of immense importance. For two generations the Far East has been a breeding place for big and little wars. As long as no stability is achieved in Far Eastern international relations—as long as the partition of China, in other words, remains possible and even likely—it is fatuous to believe that America, England and Japan will ever submit to genuine naval disarmament, or that the world will have any assurance of peace.

The United States and the League Assembly have announced that the Japanese forces must evacuate Shanghai, and that the new, comic state of Manchoukuo must be dissolved and jurisdiction over Manchuria handed back to China. It seems a safe prediction that while General Sadao Araki, who is developing into a sort of Japanese Ludendorff, remains Minister of War, no Japanese Cabinet will consent to these terms. Yet if there is to be real peace in the Orient, not only must Manchuria be surrendered and Japan's army recalled, but positive measures must be agreed on for strengthening China's government.

The most obvious step is the abolition of extraterritoriality. The question of extraterritoriality is calloused and blistered from overmuch discussion, but apparently it is not realized how much it had to do with Japan's aggression last September, nor how profoundly its abolition would alter the whole problem of foreign imperialism in China.

At the 1922 Washington Conference, China received vague promises concerning extraterritoriality. Nothing, however, was done until 1928. In that year, the Kuomintang armies swept northward from Shanghai; a new central Chinese government was created and C. T. Wang, perhaps the most useful public servant modern China has had, became Foreign Minister. (This is the same Wang who was beaten half to death by student patriots last September for not declaring immediate war on Japan.)

Wang's first task was to obtain tariff autonomy for China. This was a matter of some importance. China was forbidden by treaties with most of the nations of the world to have a tariff of more than 2½ percent. Since customs duties were almost the only source of revenue not preëmpted by provincial warlords, these treaties condemned any central Chinese government to relative poverty and weakness. Within a year, Wang succeeded in obtaining new, "equal" tariff treaties with every country except Japan.

The Japanese government of Baron Tanaka, throughout 1927-28, had fiercely opposed the Kuomintang. China replied by an anti-Japanese boycott. Partly because of this [illegible] not nearly so stringent as the present one—and partly because of revelations of governmental grafting, Baran Tanaka was dismissed by the Emperor. (He died immediately afterwards.) The succeeding Hamaguchi-Shidehara Cabinet proclaimed peace with China, and an "equal" tariff treaty was signed in May, 1930. China was prohibited, however, from imposing a tariff of more than 2½ percent on Japanese cotton goods for a period of three years. (It is a commentary on the dark and bloody nature of Oriental politics that Hamaguchi was shot six months later by a patriotic gunman; Shidehara has recently completely dropped from sight, reputedly ill of a mysterious disease.)

Meanwhile, C. T. Wang was pressing hard for the abolition of extraterritoriality. The four oldest extraterritoriality treaties, with the United States, Great Britain, France and, oddly enough, Brazil, granted extraterritoriality in perpetuity; the rest contained clauses providing for renewal at the end of each ten years. All these later treaties came up for renewal between 1926 and 1929, and China refused to renew. The legal position of foreigners in China (other than Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and Brazilians) was thus dubious, and this fact was a weapon in Wang's hands. The first country to give in was Belgium. It consented to surrender all special privileges; Belgian nationals in China were to have the same status as Chinese. This was not to take effect, however, until all other nations had done likewise. Countries with renewable treaties followed Belgium's example in rapid succession, with the sole exception of Japan.

Under Baron Tanaka, Japan declined to admit that China had the right to refuse renewal. Under Hamaguchi and Shidehara negotiations were opened with Wang. The course of these negotiations was never revealed; the chief thing known about them is that the Japanese envoy, Sabura, committed hara-kiri in the garden of the Japanese Legation.

Wang still had to deal with America, England, France and Brazil, the four nations with perpetual extraterritoriality treaties. During last spring and summer, Wang conducted active negotiations with the first three of these countries. (Brazil was ignored to the great injury of its national pride.) It can be stated on the best authority that last September, when the Japanese army moved on Mukden, final treaties were in process of being drafted which would have ended extraterritoriality completely and forever.

The Japanese army's invasion of Manchuria last September contained an element of psychopathic terror. In 1933, China could strike at Japan's

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China, in fact, need not wait until then. By adopting some form of the European quota system, China could at any moment establish what, for all practical purposes, would be a governmental and thoroughly legal anti-Japanese boycott. Far more alarming was the abolition of extraterritoriality. It would not only hurt Japan's interests in China proper, but it might very easily endanger the whole Japanese position in Manchuria. Japanese army officers were accustomed to think of the South Manchuria Railway zone as being as much Japanese soil as the streets of Tokio, but if all the other nations of the world gave up extraterritoriality and retroceded their leased territories (as England had retroceded Wei-hai-wei, for example,) and their individual concessions, China would be certain to press for Manchuria's return. Japan's title to the South Manchuria Railway after 1938 will be legally shaky; according to Japan its lease was extended to 2007 by one of the notorious Twenty-one Demands of 1915, but Chinese authorities deny this.

The Japanese military caste carries within itself a deep and poetic sense of doom. Cut off from the Asiatic mainland, the Japanese islands would be without resources to sustain a major war. On the day a renascent China ousts Japan from Manchuria, Japan will become militarily and politically (as it has already become economically) dependent on China. It will have a relationship to China not unlike Cuba's, for instance, to the United States, and the Japanese army and the splendor of the one hundred and thirty-second son of the Sun Goddess will then be pointless luxuries.

The abolition of extraterritoriality is important for two main reasons. The first is that it means the eventual giving up by foreign countries of the right to station troops in China. These troops have been used repeatedly to intimidate and humiliate China, which partly explains why no central Chinese government has been able to get the respect and loyalty of China's youth. The Japanese garrisons in China proper have been one of the most potent weapons of the Japanese Foreign Office, and the ending of this right might do a great deal toward cooling down the present frenzied belligerence of Japan's militarists.

The second reason for the abolition of extraterritoriality concerns its deadly effect on the Chinese themselves. As things are now, a large element of China's population declines all responsibility for the central government. If the fourteen principal cities of the United States were taxed, policed and otherwise administered by foreign nations, very likely our own bankers, industrialists, merchants and professional classes would feel only a vague, sentimental interest in Washington. The myth of the congenital political incapacity of the Chinese—so strenuously circulated by Japan at Geneva—is nonsense; the chief reason the Chinese tolerate [illegible] central government is because, [illegible] eign concessions and settlements, the character of their government does not acutely matter.

Japan is making the present negotiations at Shanghai turn on the security of Japanese nationals within the Shanghai International Settlement. There are clear indications that Japan wishes the Settlement boundaries extended northward to include part of Chapei's ruins, and eastward to include the Woosung Forts area. There is excellent authority for believing that, within the last two weeks, the Japanese have approached the Great Powers and said in effect: "We propose to keep extraterritorial rights for our citizens at all costs. We are realists; we know the Chinese. If you do not want your nationals butchered and your trade wiped out, you will quietly drop this mad idea of abandoning extraterritoriality, and come along with us."

France has never been overly enthusiastic about giving up extraterritoriality. The Tory British Cabinet of today is a very different group from the pro-Indian, pro-Chinese Labor government of two years ago, when C. T. Wang began his campaign for "equal" treaties. Many members of the present Tory Cabinet still believe devoutly in the policy of the strong hand for Asia, and are half-regretful that Britain has surrendered its alliance with Japan. Apparently the United States is the only Great Power prepared to go ahead with the abandonment of extraterritoriality.

It is not true that abolition of extraterritoriality by itself will bring stability and everlasting peace to the Far East. No treaty, no matter how many seals and signatures it bears, can do that. What the abolition of extraterritoriality can do is to provide the constitutional basis, so to speak, upon which alone stable and peaceful relations between China and the Great Powers, and particularly Japan, can be erected. Once China becomes master of its own house, a readjustment of its relations with Japan is inevitable—even if Japan for a time continues to hold part of Manchuria. (While Japan's military rulers may resist and hate it, a policy of conciliation with China would also be of immense economic benefit to the Japanese nation.)

After the meeting of the League Assembly last month to consider the Japanese-Chinese problem, it was reported that the League's Secretariat, backed up by the smaller League members, was pressing to have the League be given permanent supervision over Manchuria, much as it now has supervision over Danzig. More than a year ago, the League sent out Sir Arthur J. Salter to examine China's foreign borrowings, Dr. Ludwik Rajchman to reorganize the Chinese health service and Mr. Frank P. Walters to serve as political adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. It may be that a sort of diluted Western imperialism, administered by the League, would be the best thing to tide China over the next few years. It is also possible China will have to go through a social revolution before it becomes a stable country and before, consequently, there is stability and

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In any case, there cannot be League control, revolution or peace as long as the Powers continue to remain in China. The present negotiations between Japan and China are certain to take a long while, perhaps months. The likelihood of a bargain by which Japan may agree to give up its hand-tailored state of Manchoukuo in return for a pledge by the Powers not to abolish extraterritoriality, is very good. The United States government is undoubtedly concerned about this possibility, and it may be that this is one of the reasons why Mr. Stimson is going to Geneva. The American advocates of peace ought to see to it that for once the Hoover administration ceases to wobble and stands firm.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Students in Kentucky

AT THE suggestion of the National Student League, we drove down to Kentucky in two chartered buses and three private cars. It was a continuous drive of over forty-eight hours. During the first day we were alternately solemn and enthusiastic. The rush of the buses through the darkness made us feel as if we were shock troops being hurried to a crucial front. Fatigue and irregular eating soon destroyed such heroic emotions.

On the arrival of the first bus in Knoxville, Tennessee, we found ourselves dogged by detectives, who soon became as numerous as the members of the delegation. Conversation had to be carried on in whispers and all words that might impute communism to us were taboo.

From Knoxville to Pineville is about ninety miles. As our bus approached Cumberland Gap, a covey of autos began to play around it, forcing it to the side of the road, slowing it up and warning us of what we could expect at the top of the Gap.

Pulling over the crest of the mountain, our bus was immediately surrounded by a hooting crowd. A gun was poked at Curly, the driver, who rather calmly remonstrated, "Put your gun away, Grandpop, before someone makes you eat it." The notorious County Attorney Smith stuck his head into our bus and told us that we were to be investigated. He wanted to know what Waldo Frank and Allen Taub had had to do with sending us down. With an eye to the mob, which obviously was out for a Roman holiday, he asked Rob Hall if he believed in God, and did the rest of us in the bus believe in a Supreme Being. Among cries of "fetch 'im," "take 'im up to the mountains," "jerk 'im," Hall was allowed no chance to explain our purpose.

They gave us a trial at dusk in their little rectangular courthouse in Middleboro. The crowd piled into the seats, while the overflow draped themselves on window sills and boxes. Colonel Reed Patterson, mine owner and attorney, sat down in the judge's chair. He decided that this was impolitic and shoved over to make room for Judge Vanbeber. Throughout the proceedings the latter remained stiff and silent. Three cat-calling kids hung onto the furnishings behind the judge, like had an opportunity. Smith told us that h

We had become accustomed to the inflammatory cries of "lynch 'em" and "soak 'em" when Smith, lean, dapper and rosy-faced, marshaled us for his formal inquisition and our replies became more deliberate. He wanted to know our political affiliations. Rob Hall, tall, nonchalant Alabaman, refused to reply until he was put into touch with Attorney Neal of Knoxville. Smith, obviously nettled, said it was agreeable to him that Hall should go to jail for a few days. Whereupon the whole crowd in the courtroom sang out, "Amen, brother."

Smith read the list of names, asking, "What is your college?"

"University of Cincinnati," said one student.

"My God," Smith exclaimed, "my Alma Mater."

"Mr. Smith," the student he addressed quietly answered, "I am ashamed."

There was complete silence in the courtroom.

Smith enjoyed himself by stumbling over the Jewish names, but he couldn't get us riled. Following Hall's example, the rest of us refused to answer questions of a political nature, so Smith decided to send us home since there wasn't room enough in jail for all of us. He read a prepared statement: "You had sounded your trumpets before you, on the specious claim of your 'liberty' of free speech and free press. You seem to have forgotten that we have some liberties and rights to protect . . . our rights vested in our property, our churches and all our sacred institutions." "Amen, brother, amen," intoned the crowd. He said that each one of us would have to put up peace bonds of $1,000; but quickly continued, before anyone could reply, that since none of us had the thousand, he would escort us back to Knoxville. Then Colonel Reed Patterson arose and in eloquent periods told us, "The white streams of these mountains will run red with communist blood before we surrender our country." And we were bundled out into the darkness to a final chorus of "Amen, brother, amen."

In our dimly lit bus we found ourselves companioned by deputies notorious for their cruelty. Creech and Fleenor had come down from Harlan for the little party. And the pasty-faced Stacy was there to do all Smith's dirty work. He quickly

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cepted a letter between two women Communists referring to us as the "rah-rah" element in the party. Eleanor Curtis asked to see the letter. Smith handed it over, but suddenly decided Eleanor had better not read it and demanded it back. Eleanor would not return it until she had finished. Although she is about four feet eight, Stacy leaned over and began wrenching her arm. Gabriel Carritt, an Oxford graduate, tried to pull away Stacy's hand, so Fleenor socked him on the jaw.

When we asked what they would do if we returned with an injunction backed by a federal marshal, a deputy staged another little show for us. "When I was in the War, I asked my captain what I was to do if I saw a German. 'Draw a bead on *him*,' says he, 'like he was a United States marshal.'" Then he fished out a handful of dum-dum bullets from his pockets, showed them and distributed them to us as souvenirs.

One could hear the suave Smith, now at the other end of the bus, informing indignant students that he was the law and that he interpreted the Constitution in southeastern Kentucky. When we reached the Gap, we saw a huge sign strung across from hill to hill urging one to "Get Right with God." Then, escorted by Kentucky and Tennessee deputies, sheriffs and cars, our bus was forced to go back to Knoxville.

Meanwhile, those in the second bus had heard of the first group's failure to get into Bell County and at four in the morning were trying to steal in by an obscure mountain pass. Three miles inside Kentucky, by the side of a steep mountain gorge, this bus broke down. All got out into the bright early-morning sunlight and were hurling stones into the gorge when the veteran cavalcade of Pineville deputies and respectables swept down. The students were scattered. Moreover, they were too tired and hungry to resist. Without protesting they went back into the bus. Smith's speech, now typewritten, was passed around. They were taken up through Middleboro to the Gap. A few argued with the deputies, others just bit their fingernails. Now that they had gotten them out, the deputies became more gracious. They bantered the girls on law, order and charity until forced into a contradiction, whereupon they would get off such an epigram as, "Sure the Constitution is all right, but not in Kentucky."

The mob had gathered again at the Gap. Among cries of "lynch 'em," "half-breed," "red-neck," Cleon K. Calvert, attorney for the coal operators, stuck his head into the bus and peremptorily declared, "We order you out of Kentucky. We don't want you back." And the parade started down the Gap into Tennessee.

There was a stop to change deputies, and Miss Margaret Wright, a woman who looked like a member of the D.A.R., was forced upon the [illegible] made her started off with that most interesting question, "You girls are Communists, aren't you?"

A few hundred yards farther down the road a scuffle started when Joe LeBoit insisted that Smith, Miss Wright and the whole gang get off, since the bus was in Tennessee. So Smith turned to the Tennessee sheriff and had himself appointed a Tennessee deputy. Joe was ordered to the rear of the bus. When he resisted, a pistol was stuck into his ribs. Some in the bus then insisted that if the deputies wouldn't get off they should be allowed to get off themselves. Voices were raised. The bus door opened. Thugs ran up from the autos behind us and soon Ruth Schechter, Joe LeBoit and one other were thrown out. The clamor in the bus became greater. A gun was jammed into a student's stomach. "No violence," Smith cautioned, so the gun was reversed and the student cracked on the head. They didn't want to arrest anyone; they only wanted to run us out of the coal region. There was a hurried consultation among the deputies. The three rebels were coaxed back into the bus, and the driver was ordered to proceed to Knoxville. The next morning Margy Wright wrote in The Knoxville Journal that Smith had saved her from assault.

Saturday night we were reunited in Knoxville. All of us wanted to return to Bell County. It was decided, however, to send only four to get an official statement on why we had been expelled, and particularly to find out what had happened to the three miners who had acted as our pilots through the mountains. Four of us whose Anglo-Saxon antecedents could not be questioned were chosen to go. Eleanor Curtis, Margaret Bailey, Herbert Robbins and Willard Spence made their goodbyes and in the open car of a daredevil salesman drove away in the night.

Pineville was flabbergasted to see them Sunday morning. Sleepy-eyed and attired in red pajamas, Smith gave an audience to the two girls and told them he washed his hands of them. Later they saw him again as he was going to church, resplendent in a Knights of Pythias uniform with a sword buckled to his side. At the law office of Cleon K. Calvert they were lectured on how the operators were keeping the mines open for the sake of the miners. When Attorney Calvert asked them why they weren't taking notes now, all four took out pads and with owlish seriousness began writing furiously. Just before they left they learned that two of our miner guests had been jailed because they had tried to get us into Bell County, while the third, they said, had escaped.

To complete our disillusion in the forces of law and order we traveled in our buses to the capital of Tennessee, where Governor Horton greeted us with an insultingly irrelevant harangue on Communism. We went to Frankfort, Kentucky, and there Governor Laffoon blithely informed us that we had been "too easily bluffed," and that he could "guar-

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Washington Senator Costigan was the first to show any sympathy toward what we were trying to prove. Senator Logan wanted to know what was wrong with Smith's statement anyway. At the British Embassy, where Gabriel Carritt, as an English citizen, went to protest against his treatment in Kentucky, he was told that he had assaulted Fleenor.

Members of liberal clubs, the L. I. D. and settlement houses, who had set forth with the conviction that social progress must be peaceful and gradual, returned from Kentucky depressed by the realization that the violence employed by the propertied class to defend their privileges must be met in kind. We found the press corrupted, the county government openly controlled by the coal operators, the Governors evasive. We saw the inefficiency of the liberal nostrums of public opinion and gradualism. And we came back to New York with two ominous convictions firmly fixed in our minds: If the Bill of Rights cannot be sustained during such industrial conflicts as now exist in the coal fields of southeastern Kentucky, the result can only be civil war, and if the situation in the coal fields becomes more general, then revolutionary tactics are our only recourse.

JOSEPH P. LASH.

To Hell with Magellan

THE MEN who stood silent upon a peak (yes, I know it wasn't really in Darien), and stared at an ocean with a wild surmise, would have been distinctly out of place on a modern world cruise. At such mountainous moments their first-class tripper descendants are never at a loss for appropriate feelings; they never stand silent in front of anything. "Some sight, hey boy?" "Well, Mother, how about that? I guess that was worth coming all this way to see!" No doubt Drake and Magellan and their companion worthies sailed but seldom on that high plane of continuous excitement in which we like to envision them. Half the time they were doubtless much sicker or much more bored than even the incumbent of a deck-chair can ever know. But at least they were the first, they were the leaders. Would they could see the flock that follows them!

The S.S. "Rootytoot," 25,000 tons, is sailing today on a world cruise, New York and return. Strangely enough, it is not advertised as a Trip to Nowhere.

It all starts innocently enough. At the last minute all the nice-looking people get off the ship, as usual; the band plays; women cry; men on the deck shout loud, hoarse, embarrassing nothings to their friends at the rail, who cannot hear them, and ask them to repeat. The ship interminably backs out into midstream, the whistle blows, the rain streams down, everybody rushes to write pilot letters, it is all quite normal.

But it is not quite normal, just the same. There is a dead albatross somewhere aboard. For the first day you cannot even whiff it: you are allowed to unpack or be seasick in peace. Then things begin to happen. The ship's bulletin board, generally the innocent repository of such mild announcements as the number of minutes the clock will be put ahead at midnight or the number of miles in the day's run, begins to blossom with sinister placards. "Get-Together Dinner Tonight in the Dining Saloon." Everyone who had not planned to dress for dinner scurries to his cabin and dresses. At dinner the stewards, disguising their true feelings with professional skill, distribute balloons, paper caps and crackers to the grown-ups under their charge. Everyone is very jolly, and gets together as much as possible. The wine stewards do a lively business.

From then on the bulletin board becomes the daily cynosure, and it never fails to spring a new one. As opposed to Magellan's, with its simple occasional statements: "This day it was God's will that two of our men should be swallowed up by a sea-serpent"; our bulletin exhorts: "All-States Night. Come and Boost Your State. California Delegation meet in the smoking room at 11 a. m."

After a few days of highly organized fun the passengers are one night commanded to attend a reception for the Cruise Staff—whoever they may be. One by one (there are half a dozen of them) they come forward and are introduced by the Cruise Lecturer. Most of them are natty, suave-looking young men; one is a woman. "Our Cruise Hostess: seven times to the West Indies, four times to the Mediterranean, twice to the North Cape, and six times around the world." "Our interpreter: don't try to talk behind his back, because he speaks eighteen languages!" And so on. It is announced that the average of the Cruise Staff is four and eight-tenths circumnavigations. A buzz of awe, an envious and admiring sigh, from the audience. Lastly the Lecturer calls attention to the Cruise Office, where from 10 to 3 these young gentlemen are at your disposal; you are invited to take them all your little worries, your little troubles, your little plans, they will give you prompt, courteous, efficient attention. (So that is where they keep the albatross.)

As the functions of the Cruise Staff begin to dawn on you, you cast a more enlightened eye on the ship's activities. You are not so surprised as you might otherwise be when you see a magnificent birthday cake borne into the dining saloon and deposited, amid cries of delighted astonishment, before some blushing Iowan. You realize that theirs was more than the usual idle official curiosity when the Cruise Office asked for your birthday-betraying passport.

Tonight, announces the bulletin board, is the first of our series of lectures. Attendance is not compulsory; but you have paid for it, why not go? Besides, the Lecturer is said to be good; it is rumored that [illegible]

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Holmes himself. After hearing him once, you can admit that it seems quite probable. He is certainly no worse than Richard Halliburton. The preliminary lectures are on "The Beauty of the World," "What You Are About to See," warnings against tipping natives, etc. Some of it will come in very handy.

This first long haul across the Atlantic (eight full days, think of it, you wonder what on earth Magellan did to keep his men amused) is the worst stretch of the trip. So says the Hostess, resting (but not really, of course) beside you in a confidential moment; then is the time she has to rack her brains for new stunts—anything, anything to keep you poor dear passengers from getting a breathing space and getting bored. Then is the time when the band, which fills in many an otherwise quiet hour, blows itself red in the face and strains its repertory to the bursting point.

And do they like it? you ask the Hostess, referring to her tireless labors for the passengers' amusement. They love it. You'd be surprised, says the Hostess, how many of these people have been on cruises before and could hardly wait for the next one to start; you'd be surprised how many of them will get the cruise habit from this one. Oh, we always have a lot of repeat orders. It's a pity you're not coming all the way round with us yourself, she continues, appraising you with a thoughtful eye; you'd be surprised at your own enthusiasm when it was all over. Yes, you admit you would be very much surprised. Well, says the Hostess, it's been very nice to have this little chat, and now she must get back on the job. You watch her as she sinks down smiling beside her next "contact."

And what, you wonder to yourself, do these people get out of it? You begin to enumerate the advantages of a four months' cruise around the world. First, the fun of spending money. The minimum fare for one person is $1,750. Add another $750 to cover tips, extras, shopping forays ashore, and it makes quite a sizable lot of fun, for these depressed times. Then there is the incontrovertible fact, proved by postcards, snapshots, movie reels and the labels on their baggage, that they have actually circumnavigated the globe. Magellan or no Magellan, that is still Something. Then they get four months of bridge, of comparing notes, prices and scandal with new friends delightfully like themselves; a lot of good ozone, offset by more or less continuous indigestion from rich food, liquor and lack of the exercise to which they are accustomed; innumerable Things Seen which will make them authorities not to be contradicted by the stay-at-homes for a long time to come; the sensation of having gone somewhere and returned in clever safety to their starting point.

Those ignorant old sea-dogs, those superstitious, God-and-devil-fearing seamen, the early circumnavigators, had a very wrong idea of the world; changed men when at last they got home, they were doubtless still, in perhaps a different way, as wrong-headed as ever. But we must remember that they didn't have our advantages.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Deya, Mallorca, Spain.

Washington Notes

Congress Adrift—Roosevelt's Nomination Assured —No Help for the Helpless—The Federal Loophole for the Wealthy

THE DISHEARTENING thing about the present situation in Washington is the utter lack of leadership in both parties and all factions. With everybody conceding the gravity of conditions, with complete agreement as to the necessity of federal economy and increased taxation to restore a semblance of national solvency; with distress increasing and unemployment becoming more general, the inability of the legislative and executive branches of the government to coördinate and coöperate becomes clearer every day.

So far as I know, there is not a single line of policy upon which constructive action seems likely to be based at this time. There is not a single voice in the capital capable of creating the sort of national sentiment needed to compel an abandonment of political considerations and an approach to the acute national problems in a practical and wholehearted way. Certainly Hoover's voice does not ring through the nation. The White House statements, some of them sound enough, lack conviction; they invariably fail to produce results and always result in a partisan retort. It is unfortunate at a time like this that Hoover's personality should handicap his best efforts, that the small administration politics of the past should have created a distaste and distrust of presidential motives which it is almost impossible to eradicate even when the facts he faces preclude partisan purpose. In fact, it is unfortunate that Mr. Hoover is a candidate for renomination in the impending campaign. If he were not a candidate, he could, despite his uninspiring qualities and his congenital ineptitude in personal and political contact, obtain vastly stronger support than he is now getting. In a crisis, the natural place where people look for leadership is the White House, but that the sort of leadership needed to clarify public thought and drive home a realization of the true conditions is not there seems too clear to dispute.

However, when you look for it in other directions, the absence is equally complete. On the Democratic side the lack of harmony, the lack of coherence, the lack of ideas, plans, policies and principles, is painfully apparent. The party is undisciplined and without a cohesive character. It blocks and tackles, but it does not advance the ball. I am writing now not of the Senate situation, where the conflicting currents are varied, vigorous and muddy, but of the situation in the party as a whole, outside of Congress as well as in it.

It appears fairly certain now that the Raskob-Smith-Shouse effort to stop the Roosevelt nomination has col-

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party who do not concede Roosevelt's victory in the convention. State after state has dropped into his lap, some of them through default, others because the opposition to him was ineffectively planned and ridiculously conducted. So great is the confidence of the Roosevelt management today that Democratic interest has shifted from the presidential nominee to the second place on the ticket and the probable successor to the naïve Raskob as chairman of the National Committee.

One would think that under these circumstances the pussyfooting policy of Roosevelt's campaign might be abandoned and something in the way of a leadership note sounded by the man destined to lead the Democrats in the coming struggle. No such note comes from the New York Governor. No such note comes from any important Democrat in the country. No such note comes from any direction.

In its absence, the confusion of thought in Congress seems more pronounced than at any time since this session began and the outlook for a sound solution of the more vital national problems less encouraging. Nearly everybody in the Senate seems at cross purposes. Hardly any group, other than the progressives—and they too seem to have lost much of their vitality—sees eye to eye along any particular legislative line. The prospect of adjournment before the conventions is becoming more and more remote and there is a growing disposition to believe that, save for a recess of a month, the session will continue until fall. There is nothing alarming about that—or at least there would not be if there were some hope of a constructive program.

If I seem steeped in pessimism, it is only that I am reflecting the ideas of the more thoughtful men here who deplore the chaotic and demoralized state of affairs, but are powerless to do much about it. Underneath there exists that kind of alarm which was felt last December. It has been communicated to members of Congress, has induced a general support of Hoover's recommendations and, for a while, has instilled hope of improvement among the public. The failure of this hope to materialize probably is as responsible for the low ebb of the legislative stream as anything else. It may be that we shall see a stiffening in the whole governmental machinery, a joint willingness to put aside politics, apply the pruning knife to federal expenditures and formulate a tax bill that will get the money from the right sources. At the moment, however, there is no reason for betting on it.

The general feeling is that the Senate will shoot the House tax bill to pieces. The effort to restore the sales-tax feature can hardly succeed, but unless all signs fail, the oil lobby, which had so much to do with the framing of the bill in the House, will not be less potent in the Senate. The earnest efforts of the worthy Mr. Mills to prevent the corporation and the estate taxes from being raised will not meet with complete success, but the best judgment is that the Senate will widen the selected sales-tax list and eliminate the several items put in by the House which are particularly offensive to corporate wealth, such as the tax on dividends and the abolition of the net-loss loophole. Speaking of loopholes, the amazing thing to me is that no concentrated effort is being made by any group to prevent the vast fortunes from escaping taxation through tax-exempt securities. Some [illegible] Tennessee produced figures showing that there now exist some eight billion dollars' worth of tax-exempt federal securities and approximately thirty billion of state and municipal securities which cannot be taxed.

Obviously this tremendous sum of tax-free bonds, stocks and notes makes a farce of our income tax. It not only enables swollen fortunes to avoid payment of their proportionate burden, but it makes relatively useless the raising of the surtax rates to the point they should reach. It would, of course, require a constitutional amendment to stop up this hole and catch the escaping rich. But why it was not proposed eight years ago, when the first Mellon "saturation point" argument was made, I do not know. It could have been put through Congress at that time and the hole through which so many of our wealthiest and most pious patriots regularly duck would have been completely plugged. We would not be hearing today the argument—and a sound enough argument it is, too—that the money can't be got from the rich because they have a way out.

I cannot understand why the amendment was not proposed before, and I cannot understand why it is not proposed now. I can think of no more popular proposition with the great masses of the people than such a proposal. They know the rich escape through the hole in the top, and my belief is they would respond to the man, party or group that offered to cut off the escape. The Hull figures, though they are not new, are certainly impressive, and they certainly should inspire such an effort. Nor does the repeated statement that there is no hole at the top through which the wealthy British taxpayer can run out seem to suggest the idea. Until it is plugged, our income tax will not be and cannot be effective.

Washington. T. R. B.

Little Flowers

Too True to Be Good, by George Bernard Shaw. Guild Theatre, April 4, 1932.

MR. SHAW calls his latest play a collection of stage sermons, and we may add that these sermons hitch into or fall out of three scenes by way of a story. In the first a rich young lady is smothered in bedclothes, disease and illnesses following one another in her own and her mother's minds. There is the talk between the mother and daughter, much too long, then the new night nurse—Miss Beatrice Lillie—who takes a high hand with the patient and whose purpose soon appears as robbery, the young lady's jewels; she expects her partner at any moment. The young man enters at the window, masked; all three having something to say, there is a scuffle in which the invalid knocks out robber and robberess; the scene ends with the three of them going away together, money and freedom and happy days for all.

The second act shows the Colonel and Private Meek, who is the brains and works of this campaign. The campaign has been put on by a tottering government, its aim so-called is the rescue of an English lady captured by the brigands of this mountainous country, where there are no brigands. We see the robbers as titled personages and the young lady as a native servant. In the last act we see

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is a former curate and a born preacher, and Sergeant Fielding, with whom Miss Lillie has fallen in love while the rich young lady was leaning toward Private Meek. The mother comes looking for her daughter, the Colonel is decorated, everyone sees the light, how wrong each has been, and the need for this or that truth, and after the stage is cleared of the other characters the thief preaches a Shaw sermon. Meanwhile, all along, bits of thought, wit, epigram, morality, science and whatnot have been strung in, mostly chestnuts out of Mr. Shaw's past.

We might as well go straight to the point and say that the best thing about this new Shaw piece is the Guild's casting. To gauge the staleness of much of "Too True to Be Good" we should doubtless read the manuscript. I am sure that, after some of the first scene, which was a happy tumble of farce, the written form of this play must have been sadly discouraging and tedious. In nearly every play he ever wrote Mr. Shaw has embarrassed us now and again with cheap method and personal insistence; but there were so much genuine moral value, good prose, brilliance and theatrical intuition that those less endearing elements were passed over. A good deal of this lesser sallying comes into the new play, without the vitality and meaning to carry it off. Too many of the thoughts and speeches in "Too True to Be Good" are only repetitions from that period, long ago, when Mr. Shaw was being bright, working hard, spreading his name, fighting causes, shocking people, inviting onslaughts from such as were his intellectual inferiors, troubling few philosophers and scarcely arriving at the great scholars, sting as he might.

You will realize what the Guild has done if you try to imagine the scenes without Miss Beatrice Lillie's antics, unfailing at every point, and Miss Hope Williams' charm of mere presence and her unique handling of what she does, despite her lack of Miss Lillie's technical proficiency. Both these players bring a curious, unreal and delightful world with them. They stay outside the parts that Shaw has not really created but left as fantasy; they give a shine to what, if you listen closely to the lines, is often shabby stuff. When you have Mr. Claude Rains, with his head and coiffure of a classic sage, cracked, in Marcus Aurelius' time, and his monolithic, furibund and spitting enunciation, and that scatter-brained effect of Mr. Hugh Sinclair (as the thief) maddening the scene alongside Miss Williams and Miss Lillie, you enter really into the realm of the fantastic, of cluttered theories, of aggressive futility, that the dramatist more or less intended. I doubt if he saw the scene so much in terms of these delightful players, who so kindly after all took it away from him; he saw it very likely, as he usually does, in terms of himself.

I can think of no other actor who could have done with Colonel Tallboy, whose heart was in his water colors (which he appeared to use quite dry), what Mr. Ernest Cossart did. His shadings, his humorous indulgence of the role, which was laden with ancient Shavian cracks at the official stupidities of this world, were all excellent. Mr. Leslie Banks' directing had something rollicking and inconsequent about its high spirits that the English stage knows better than ours; he did the play no end of service.

Mr. Shaw has been very fortunate, all things considered. He supplied the frame on which his producers wrought an entertaining event, far more entertaining, I think, than "The Apple Cart," up to now his latest stage piece.

At the end of the second act a very intelligent friend said to me in the foyer that it was plain what Shaw was doing: he was taking up all the freedoms that he had preached once and showing them as they come out now at the hand of the bourgeois, how everything has arrived at an impasse, a vain recognition, and how we must find a new theory of life. This was an effective idea and, applied to the play, I found it now and again suggestive. I quote it because others may find it more so, and may thus rate more highly the importance of their evening. But I cannot see how it applies to the business about germs and doctors and nature's curing itself that takes up so much time opening the first act; those lively points occur in the first awakenings of Mr. Shaw, not to say in any history of Greek medicine. Only here and there it might be a good idea to see some of these characters as embodiments of old Shaw doctrines, and watch how they are faring. As a matter of fact, looking back on the Shaw doctrines, you will find that the Shaw side to many of them consists of a witty or cleverly aggressive form and a sure sense of publicity. A great deal of the seeming revolution in Shaw's plays is really created in the plays themselves, which always before the curtain falls contrive to seem assaulted by a backward world of men. As a matter of fact, the one spectacle of ripe attack that I remember was on "Mrs. Warren's Profession," stopped by the censor, a long time ago, for the basic reason that it dealt with prostitution, mingled also with doctrines meant to disturb. The Russians, we are told, when they came to do the play some time afterward, found its passions singularly mild and wondered what the British meant. You will notice that sex in Mr. Shaw's writings plays really the safest part imaginable and has only the heat of epigram, the ambition of shock, and the morality of an incurable, sociological virgin.

In one theme above all in "Too True to Be Good" the old brilliance most appears. It hits in every direction, including the dramatist. This is in the idea of the thief and preaching. Our young man, shady in morals, a thief and rascal and rover, muddled by his bringing up, what with an atheist father and a mother giving him three whacks if he misses his daily verses from the Bible, hallowed by his secret entrance into the Church, blasted by his chaplainship in the War, and so on, has yet within him the gift and propulsion of the preacher. No matter whether it be good or bad, he can explain a thing, preach it, give it blood and persuasion. The theme is capital.

The conclusion of this preaching theme is at the end of the play, where amidst Mr. Jorgulesco's crafty settings —great rocks, supersimple buildings and flimsy mortals— the scene is left to the young man; the sky turns to dusk, with moving clouds, and the need for some discovery, some way of life, some solution of today, is spoken, or rather preached. Dramatically it is effective management, and it may be Mr. Shaw speaking out his heart. It amounts, nevertheless, only to a bit of evangelism or yearning for some fresh and revealing knowledge, to sustain our failing [illegible] of the [illegible] society of mortals. It is about what Alexander got

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afterward, however, followed him from India as far as Persis, where by ancestral custom he had himself burnt up on a pyre, or so Strabo tells us; though Calanus, fortunately, spoke more in detail to Alexander in the course of the trip.

This last passage in "Too True to Be Good" has in it an interesting comment on Mr. Shaw. Here and there in his plays, apart from the great quantity of remarkable prose writing, there have been fine, inescapable images created. In "Candida," in "Heartbreak House," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "The Doctor's Dilemma," we find a scene, an impact of characters, a dramatic image, that speaks powerfully and unforgettably. But for the most part Mr. Shaw's deepest faith has been in preaching at us, we all know that. In spite of a scene's implicit length, in spite of theatre practicalities and even good manners, or of perhaps a lack of invention in his piece, he has believed he could peck and preach as long and as much as he chose, could trounce, lecture, mock, champion, exhort and glitter —how often have we seen him scourge and show off at the same time, like Jeremiah on a trapeze.

STARK YOUNG.

American Premières

ON THE last of March and the first days of April, what nearly constituted a festival of North American Music came off in Philadelphia under Stokowski's baton. The opera gave Carlos Chavez the Mexican composer's ballet "H. P."—Horse Power; and in the afternoon following this world première, the orchestra played compositions by the late Charles Griffes, and Henry Cowell, John Powell, Aaron Copland, Louis Gruenberg, Arcady Dubensky, Robert Russell Bennett and Walter Piston. A number of these works were novelties. And the broadcasting of the regular repetition of the concert transformed the local event into a general one.

Apart from the bold gesture of the complementary programs, two premières gave the performances genuine importance. For all its imperfections, the ballet is an exciting, brilliant and sunny work; and while the rhythms of Cowell's "Synchrony" are not the freshest, the piece has a magnificent texture. The revival of Copland's audacious "Music for the Theatre," and of the racy *scherzo* of Bennett's "Lincoln" symphony, added a gratification to the one flowing from these first presentations. And if the persons interested in the music of present America cannot quite help feeling dissatisfied with the grand results of the "festival," and thinking that its director failed to make the utmost within his power of the opportunities for representing the living musical art of the continent, they cannot reasonably do so in a spirit of complacency.

The idea of the performances was more than happy. One of the inspiriting events of recent years is the appearance of an ingenuous American symphonic music, inventive in form as well as original in idiom. And it is now highly necessary for some American conductor to undertake a guardianship of this growing body of work, to bring it before the public and act as an instrument of important score [illegible] fail to coincide. With his usual sensitivity, Stokowski has felt the necessities of the situation. And he is to be congratulated not only on the promptness of his response, but the seriousness with which he has undertaken the responsibility.

The task of representing the American musical movement in two performances was not an easy one; especially that of representing the orchestral works in a concert. If the choice of a ballet of Chavez's for operatic performance was almost inevitable, in view of the facts that Chavez is one of the two or three composers on the North American continent simultaneously possessed of an individual style, a pure lyricism and a philosophic turn of mind, and that some of his largest conceptions are in the forms of ballets, the selections for the concert were by no means categorically predetermined. True, a few figures dominate the group of orchestral composers. But the juxtaposed pieces of dominant figures do not always make good programs. And the group is a relatively large one, and representative of numerous tendencies in music-making; and the eliminations constituted a nice problem. Stokowski himself stated that it took him a year to make up his program; and it is well known that he tried out over sixty scores with his orchestra, and examined upwards of two hundred.

He has certainly gained a deal of thanks for the in nowise negligible results of his guardianship. Ruled as we are by light Italian conductors doting upon the spaghetti of Respighi, and heavier German hierophants impressed with the Jaeger underwear of the Schmidts and the Daniel Gregory Masons, pages like the outstanding best of "H. P.," joyous and brilliant and energetic with their gallant trumpets in tango rhythm, or "Synchrony," with its rich, dense sonorities, or the Bennett *scherzo,* with its precipitous violin music, or the mingled elegance and gamin humors of "Music for the Theatre," could but reach us like bursts of life and air and light. Hence, if dissatisfaction with the rewards of the Philadelphia days does persist, it manages to do so through the support of the justifiable conviction that a little greater exercise of critical intelligence on the part of the enterprising conductor would have benefited American music. It surely would have turned what was only half a demonstration of its powers into the very impressive one it is now able to make. In any case, it would have eliminated from the two performances those elements of weakness which were unfortunately bound up with them and somewhat compromised the movement the presentations were intended to further.

While a ballet of Chavez's was the inevitable choice for the theatrical performance, "H. P." does not appear to have been the wisest selection. Both the spirit of Chavez, his virginal feeling of the American soil and the hallmarks of his style, the dry, buzzing sonorities, the abrupt attacks, transitions and rhythmic sequences, the teasing suspensions, arrests and hollow octaves, the tattoolike themes, are very purely expressed and represented in his Aztec ballet "The Four Suns." The score of this ballet is perhaps not as advanced as that of "H. P." But then, "H. P." is a not entirely satisfactory performance. It is an

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among them several of Chavez's most advanced and genial ones. The contrary is true. We have already spoken of the fine ideas and brio of the best of the ballet's four symphonic movements; and the feeling of sun, of abundance and young strength, which speaks from the rather classical music, to a degree suffuses the entire score. And the interlude between the third and fourth movements, introductory to the dance of men and machines, appears to the present writer the most magically evocative page of metallic timbres he has had the pleasure of hearing: at the very least, it seemed at par with the best of Varèse's, and far more colored and poetical than the corresponding pages of Anthiel and Prokofiev. And the interlude between the second and third sections was an excellent example of the calm, classical Latin music Chavez writes for simple instrumental combinations. The second section included a fantastic page of Chavez's characteristic buzzing, rattling sonority, thanks possibly to the peculiar effects of the Indian gourd and rattle instruments, the *guiros* and *claves* which figured in the orchestra. The final section, played here some years ago at a concert of the International Composers' Guild, was already then admired for its joyous combination of popular and brute-mechanical music. The whole score, moreover, quivers with a kind of life. It swarms with subtleties and exquisite detail.

The hitch in the ballet appears the consequence of a want of plan. The "action," for example, is very badly worked out. It was the idea of Chavez and his decorator Rivera to make the ballet representative of the energies of North and South and their mutual dependency; and the first section represented American Man Alone, the second a fruit liner at sea invaded by mermaids, the third the ship in a Caribbean port amid the life and atmosphere of the tropics and its fruits, the last the dance of men and machines in an industrial city and the victory of the sun. But the four sections were insignificantly contrasted as choreography; and insufficiently contrasted as music, both in idea or manner of motion. In fact, the two inner movements are musically less rewarding than the two outer, and not because of the intrinsic inferiority of their ideas. The fault is the ineffectiveness of the general composition. Chavez introduced several adaptations of Latin American folk tunes, an *huapango* and a *zandounga*, into these movements, both of them written in the severe style of a Bach two-part invention; the position of these charming but relatively soft bits of music weakened the outlines of the movements. For they came at the conclusions of either; and whereas a recapitulation of the introductory polytonic, polyrhythmic music of the movement might have reduced this soft and pretty music to its relatively unimportant and episodic place, the climactic positions which it actually occupied gave it a false value, and weakened the line of the whole work. Indeed, for all its beauties, the ballet in several respects gives evidence of a process of composition hesitantly protracted over a period of six or seven years. And it would seem the part of a critical intelligence not to have let as gifted and creative a composer as Chavez make his first appearance before the musical public with this particular work in its present state, and to have postponed [illegible] of his day at his fingers' ends. The Copland piece Sto- [illegible] Philadelphia was the work of a brilliant symphonic concert. The program was composed of eight short compositions, three of them suites; and the array of little pieces was sufficient to bewilder and fatigue even the most robust of concertgoers. Difficult as it was to believe that there were good reasons for the inclusion in a concert of contemporary American music of so derivative a piece as the Kubla Khan thing of Griffes, so light a piece as Powell's Virginia reel (the perfect summer-concert composition) and so ordinary and academic a fugue as that of Dubensky, it was almost impossible to believe that there were good reasons for rejecting in their favor such works as the Sessions symphony, the Harris toccata, or "Portals," by Ruggles, or one of the longer compositions of Ives. These would certainly have proven musically superior, and intercepted the impression that American music was poor in works in the larger forms. At the very least, they would have ballasted the concert.

And still, it was one of the red-letter events of modern American music, and with one exception, the performance more important for American composition than any other of the season.

That exception was the performance by Koussevitzsky and the Boston Symphony of Copland's "Symphonic Ode": probably a better piece than any which Stokowski played at *his* concert. The "Ode" is music of bitter power and fierce brightness; majestic in conception and harsh, prophetic, almost draconic in accent. The light *scherzando* and jazzy pages included in it merely set off the dignity and austerity. It is music which commences massively, slowly getting under way, and moving somewhat deliberately through varying moods and tempi toward a monumental conclusion. It is couched in a severe grand style, bold in its melodic intervals, full of two-octave leaps; it is hard and unsentimental music. The material is characteristically meager; one of Copland's characteristically arrogant four-note themes serving as the basis of practically all the stuff of the thirty-minute symphony. If the work has a forbidding side, it certainly flows from Copland's terrific economy and almost overuse of his material.

The "Ode" is pyramidal in form, or, better, like one of the recessed skyscrapers of New York. It is composed of five sections, each of which initiates a tension and does not quite release it: the resolution occurs only in the last movement with its "Sacre"-like throbs; and thus it is all like one of the New World buildings that makes the eye leap from terrace to terrace, until the surmounting tower sends it flying skyward and back to earth. Two of the five sections, the greater part of the introductory one and the whole of the middle, are lyrical in mood and relatively delicate in sonority; but the music's dominant quality is brazen and hard and unyielding, and that helps intensify the architectural suggestion. There is a certain strain in the form, expressive as it is half of power and half of bitter stress, of that Americanism that is full of power but finds release with anything but facility and with a terrifying violence. But it is undoubtedly one of the grand pieces for orchestra composed in the United States: the work of one who has the expressive means and the feeling

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"The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti"

THE TRIAL and death of Sacco and Vanzetti are now part of our modern revolutionary mythology. The legend of "the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish-peddler" has evoked a body of literature, juristic, dramatic, poetic and historical; and to this there is now added a quite remarkable and accurate contribution by a young painter, Mr. Ben Shahn, who has made the whole Sacco-Vanzetti case the theme of twenty-three small, bright *gouaches,* shown during this month at the Downtown Gallery in New York City.

Seen all at once, Mr. Shahn's group of pictures have a vivacity, a dramatic intensity, which is certainly augmented by the historic or folk-lore values of his theme-painting. Yet the painter is by no means a man of narrow gifts; nor is it to be taken that he has in any great measure "betrayed" Pure Art. Indeed he has shown himself a clever draughtsman in this difficult water-color medium. Instead of the gloom one might have expected, one enjoys here the play of a curious, intelligent mind, with a quite literary flair for satire and character; such qualities as one enjoys, in a mightier range, of course, in Pascin, or in the mordant, revolutionary Grosz. George Grosz has done a great deal to undermine the German bourgeois by painting them with transparent trousers and skirts. By being similarly "hard-boiled," by making his "anarchist bastards" pathetically funny, sallow martyrs—though reverent all the while—Mr. Shahn has been able to let himself go rippingly on the subject of Judge Thayer, the Lowell Committee, the Four Prosecutors and their colleagues. Here is fishy, green-eyed, bony-faced, lantern-jawed Thayer, painted for all posterity in his hollow robes of justice. Here are the three silk-hatted, degenerate-looking Yankees of the Lowell Committee, against a classical, papier-maché courthouse. Judge Thayer, the Lowell Committee, won out in 1927. But what of 1937 and 2027? One senses, at this point, the enormous, latent power of artists and poets over human events—if they would but use it. The statesmen propose; the artists, poets, historians, dispose, in the long run.

From the perspective of the springtime of 1932, when poor and rich alike have the sacred right to sit on park benches, the lifelong rebellion of Bartolomeo Vanzetti seems always more prophetic. The purple-gray heads of Vanzetti and of Sacco, appearing out of their biers, in the picture called "That Agony Is Our Triumph," make a most dignified last testament.

Our modern painters may emerge, then, from the impasse of Pure Art by way of theme-painting, of symbolist murals or superrealism, provided that they observe the traditional formal demands of good painting.

This collection of water colors, properly named by the painter "The Passion of Sacco-Vanzetti," should have been held intact, instead of being sold individually. It composes a little monument that might well be preserved by some institution here which approved of the growth of a native, revolutionary mythology.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dreiser Was Right

SIR: I have just read Edmund Wilson's review of Dreiser's "Tragic America" [The New Republic, March 30] and I can't help being sorry that he fell for the accuracy (?) of Mr. Calvert's statements and his charge that Dreiser was all wrong about the big interests having coal mines in eastern Kentucky.

The only slip in the statement that Morgan, Insull, Mellon and Ford have interests in Harlan County is the fact that the Ford properties on Wallins Creek were closed down about a year and a half ago. (And I am sorry to say that I did not learn this fact until after I had corrected proof on my chapter in "Harlan Miners Speak.") If any other mines of the properties in question have been permanently closed, it is only very recently.

Of course it is true that Morgan, Mellon and Insull themselves do not appear as officials of the coal subsidiaries operating in Harlan County, but to claim therefore that they are not involved was an entirely disingenuous statement on Mr. Calvert's part.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

New York City.

Decline of the Male

SIR: I should like to add a few words to Neith Boyce's excellent review of Robert Herrick's "The End of Desire" in The New Republic of March 9.

Serena, the heroine, so querulously depicted, yet somehow emerging in spite of the malice of her portraitist as quite a real woman, adequate and complete, is a composite of dozens of women one knows and understands and likes. She is more lonely than some of these because she disdains to fool herself about the shortcomings of her relationships, and because she cannot tell the whole of anything to anyone at any time. Certainly not to her "lover," Professor Arnold Redfield, any more than to any of her own "tribe."

The difficulty for Serena is that Professor Redfield is not a lover, he is a gigolo! He is obedient, thoughtful and attentive; and always in the background. Not so much because Serena puts him there, as because that is where he belongs. Carrying the lunch basket and the rug, picking up her handkerchief, waiting for her to speak. . . . There is something all wrong, though Mr. Herrick does not seem to know what it is any more than most other people do. All he sees and tells are symptoms imperfectly understood.

Why does the professor always lurk behind Serena, so painfully negligible, so unable to impose himself, yet obviously biting his fingernails in rage? One recognizes the poor, dumb creature hanging back, ignored by his mistress, thinking his negative thoughts and carrying on the violent, invisible converse within himself that he is forever helpless to face her with. What is the matter with men like him? If they feel they are in a false position, why don't they get out of it?

Surely it is a mistake to blame the Serenas, ascribing the masculine plight to a "transposition of the ancient sexual roles" and to say it is her fault they have become transposed! It is not likely that the Serenas are satisfied with the situation—they are but making the best of it. The professor resents her interest in so many outside things. Well—she had to take an interest in something!

Time was when women stood behind men, pouring their vitality and their encouragement into them, glad to contribute to achievment. And men did the work. They really did it. And they knew how to love and had the energy for it, both physical and psychical. When did men *begin* to weaken and when did women *have* to seize control so that the whole structure would continue to hang together and the system go on? At first, anonymously, in "homes" and in offices, the woman's force began to have to shape itself into initiative, judgment and opinion. It was no longer enough to *inspire* a man, it became necessary to *decide* for him. He was breaking up then.

W[illegible]

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bitter, despairing and impotent protest of the male is aroused to expression and one gets books like "The End of Desire." As time goes on, we may expect any number of these novels of *revanche*. They are one of the signs of the decadence of the race, the mumbling revolt of man as he disappears into the matriarchy.

However, let us never overlook the fact that women don't like matriarchies. They put up with them because they must, and they take their responsibilities seriously and without levity.

Taos, N. M. MABEL DODGE LUHAN.

Disagrees with Dos Passos

SIR: May I register my disappointment at reading in your usually excellent magazine the gratuitous epitaph entitled "Meester Veelson," by John Dos Passos [The New Republic, January 13]? To my view, the worst presentment that history can hand up in respect to our late President is a record of failure that came when a practical politician turned visionary. Does Mr. Dos Passos want to say more?

Woodrow Wilson had his heroic moment in a long life of public service and his final failure does not necessarily adumbrate his tomb with ignominy, Mr. Dos Passos' insistence upon being clever notwithstanding. Public enemies in high places—visionaries, schoolboys and racketeers—are plentiful in the world of today and The New Republic, with other responsible journals, has a knack of turning the searchlight upon them, even if this light often goes unheeded. But concessions to "raciness" as suggested by the Dos Passos article, to me appear to be unworthy of your niche in American journalism, and not complimentary to your subscribers.

PAUL HEFFERNAN.

Palisades Park, N. J.

Defending the Insurance Commissioners

SIR: In answer to your article entitled "Rigged Financial Reports," appearing in the issue of December 23, I wish to submit the following defense of the Insurance Commissioners.

In allowing insurance companies to value their securities as of June 30, 1931, in their year-end statements for this year, the Insurance Commissioners have acted wisely. The reserves of an insurance company are different from the funds of any other business in that they are sums of money to be invested for the far distant future. Actual payments to policy holders each year are a small percentage of the reserve funds, set aside to provide for future liabilities. Many of these policies will not become claims for twenty, thirty or forty years, and these reserves will, therefore, not be called for until that time. Surely, it is better to assume that before that date these present-day low security values will have returned to the prices at which purchased than to force companies to file statements on December 31 showing security values far below normal and thus force perhaps 20 per-cent of the companies in the country into technical insolvency. Would anyone question the solvency of a business because it did not have actually on hand the amount of a debt which was not due for thirty years hence? There is no more reason for questioning the stability and solvency of an insurance company, some of whose securities due, say, ten or twenty years from now, have temporarily fallen below the purchase price.

Furthermore, for the sake of general economic conditions and the morale of the millions of policy holders in this counrty, it is obviously wiser to maintain the public's faith in one sound, stable, unquestioned institution (one of the very few in this country still paying one hundred cents on the dollar and through which no policy holder has yet lost a cent as a result of this worldwide depression) than further to promote the widespread, industry-crippling distrust and fear of the future, which would be the inevitable result if Insurance Commissioners required insurance companies to value securities due years hence at the abnormally low market values on December 31, 1931.

DOROTHY M. JAMISON, Associate Actuary.

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For the Protection of Experimental Education

SIR: Anyone who studied at an American university of standing in the last twenty years heard a good deal about a new technique of education, popularly known as "experimental," which stressed the importance of group activity in contact with real life. Part of the same pedagogical theory was the constant urging of students to be serious and to participate in communal affairs. Now if these phrases describe anything, they describe the recent trip of students under the auspices of the National Student League to study conditions in the Kentucky coal fields. Their ejection by a lawless mob was an act which should have aroused instantaneous protest from all who have sponsored modern education and student participation in public life, for it was a direct challenge to these movements at the very moment when they were receiving their finest expression in many a year.

As a matter of fact, university authorities did little to help the students. Officials of one university so far betrayed their own preachings as effectively to deliver their students into the hands of the Bell County mob by informing "I'm-the-law Smith," county attorney, that those students did not represent their institution "officially." Since their return, the students have been criticized by some university authorities and some old grads. It has even been charged that the expulsion of Reed Harris from Columbia is related to that youth's support of the Kentucky trip.

A group of twenty alumni, considering these facts and charges, have organized the National Alumni Association to support and defend the students who went to Kentucky, to protest the treatment accorded them, and to urge a federal investigation into the conditions which the Bell County mob was trying to hide from the students. We hope in this way to discourage those who are trying to discourage students from giving vital content to the academic theories their teachers have expounded.

The organization already has almost two hundred members and an executive committee including John Dewey, Waldo Frank and Morris R. Cohen. Any alumnus of an American university who desires to support us should communicate with the undersigned at 416 West One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, New York City.

HERBERT SOLOW, Secretary.

New York City.

They Know What They Want

SIR: You discuss very intelligently in The New Republic of March 23 the possible sources of revenue, naming income, inheritance, corporate-profits taxes and sales taxes. But not a word about touching at least ten billion dollars of land rents, hardly any of which is earned. The type of these is the Astor rents, sent from New York to England, and the coal and mineral royalties squeezed out of each of us. Yet you print Edmund Wilson's column on Henry George, on which I wish to make a couple of remarks: George "pointed out the desirability of socialism" is probably a slip. Did not Mr. Wilson mean undesirability? George, he says, "by directing his attack against real-estate owners exclusively, let the manufacturers out."

As a matter of fact, George never once attacked "real-estate owners." He attacked private-land ownership, not owners. "Real estate" means land improvement, or land, or both. Of course, George "let the manufacturers out," since such manufacturers as have no land holdings or special privilege, are mere producers. Again Mr. Wilson says: "Independence . . . has put up some of our strongest fights against the capitalists in the past; Populism, the Single Tax, the I. W. W."

Single Taxers have never fought capitalists: they think that the man who owns his own toolkit and the man who owns a factory are both capitalists; and both useful, as long as they are given no monopoly. It is monopoly alone, not capitalists or capital, that George and his followers fight. And we will go on fighting till we have taken all the rents of the land created by the public, for public purposes, instead of taxes. We know what we want, and we know how to get it.

BOLTON HALL.

Hoover

The Rise of Herbert Hoover, by Walter W. Liggett. New York: The H. K. Fly Company. 383 pages. $3.50.

The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover, by Arthur Train. New York: The John Day Company. 51 pages. $1.

Herbert Clark Hoover: An American Tragedy, by Clement Wood. New York: Michael Swain. 330 pages. $2.

Tough Luck—Hoover Again! by John L. Heaton. New York: The Vanguard Press. 94 pages. $1.25.

American Individualism, by Herbert Hoover. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 72 pages. $1.

MR. LIGGETT'S "Rise of Herbert Hoover" is a workmanlike biography. It traverses the ground covered by earlier books, "The Great Mistake," by John Knox, and "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover under Two Flags," by John Hamill, more interestingly than the first and more discriminatingly than the second. Mr. Liggett rejects the most damaging charge made by the latter, *e. g.*, that Mr. Hoover was responsible for shipping Chinese coolies to South Africa to work in the mines; and he gives large credit to him for the efficient organization of the Belgian Relief. He summarizes Mr. Hoover's career in two departments, private business and public administration. As for the first, his connection with multifarious mining ventures which were put on the market, often to the loss of British investors, is a matter of record in London mining journals and handbooks, and tends to the reasonable conclusion that Mr. Hoover was not in business for his health. With regard to his course as United States Food Administrator, the charges of favoritism to special firms and interests were aired before a committee of the United States Senate whose proceedings anyone interested may read. Concerning his work as relief agent in Europe, in addition to Mr. Liggett's figures showing how disproportionate was the relief extended to Poland and other enemies of Soviet Russia, we have the statement of Mrs. Lane, Mr. Hoover's official biographer, that he used his power for political ends; and Captain T. C. C. Gregory's flippant account of the betrayal of the Bela Kun government in Hungary and the opening of the way for Horthy and the White Terror. Mr. Liggett presents a *prima facie* case for connection between Mr. Hoover's variable attitude toward relief of the Russian famine and the variable attitude of the Soviet government toward Mr. Leslie Urquhart's claims for concessions in which Mr. Hoover was interested.

Mr. Arthur Train is the long awaited champion for the Chief. He entered the lists too early to meet Mr. Liggett, and devotes himself entirely to Mr. Hamill. He makes much of the quarrel between that gentleman and his original backer concerning the spoils of their enterprise, reviews the court proceedings growing out of the dealings of Mr. Hoover's firm with Chang Yen-mao concerning the Kaiping Coal Mines, and brings in a verdict for the defense. Justice Joyce, who said some hard things about the firm, was not—Mr. Train explains—referring to Mr. Hoover, and anyway "was distinctly pro-Chinese." Of this transaction Mr. Liggett gives the fullest and most amply documented account available, and his conclusion is not that of Mr. Train.

Mr. Wood's "Herbert Clark Hoover" is an interpretation of character in the light of formative influences and early environment. Unquestionably Mr. Hoover belonged to a place and a generation in which the get-rich-quick spirit predominated, and his early hardships strengthened it. Mr. Wood plays with heavy irony [illegible] the Inner Light, which, if Mr. Hoover ever held that doctrine, would serve to justify everything he ever did and present him perfect and blameless to his Creator. Oddly enough, the most damaging items in Mr. Wood's book are quotations from Mr. Hoover's friendly biographers—that village quartette in which Mrs. Rose Wilder Lane sings soprano with more than a suspicion of falsetto; Mr. Will Irwin, tenor, with some very high notes in his register; Mr. Vernon Kellogg, a tolerable baritone; and Mr. William Hard, a grand bass. The Democratic National Committee could do no better than to print in its campaign handbook a few choice extracts from these admirers.

Mention of the campaign brings us to Mr. Heaton's book, which is a review of the Hoover administration and a warning—"there is grave danger of the reëlection of Herbert Hoover as President." This is, after all, the important aspect of the case. Do we want to give Mr. Hoover a second term? On the answer to this question these various appraisals of Mr. Hoover have a considerable bearing. It is entirely proper for the American people to seek to understand the character of the man whom they are asked once more to honor and to trust. It may be admitted at the outset that a far better defense for Mr. Hoover can be made than Mr. Train's. Take at its damnable worst everything that can be alleged against him and what does it amount to? He did the Chinese out of some coal mines? True, but he had the approval of the British Foreign Office. He shipped Chinese coolies into slavery? It was carrying out the policy of Joseph Chamberlain and Alfred Lyttleton. He sold a lot of worthless stock to the public, whom he called idiots for buying it? Page Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and J. P. Morgan.

Mr. Hoover's standards in business were necessarily those of his generation. The real question concerns the fitness of such standards for public office today, as opposed to private pursuit of gain yesterday. It would be futile to deny that something of Mr. Hoover's business psychology has entered his public career. The taint of favoritism and personal advertising hangs about his relief work. As President, his direction of the country suggests the promoter rather than the statesman. He claimed his election on the basis of a prosperity for which neither he nor his party was responsible. When the crash came his only plan was to convince his countrymen that renewed prosperity was around the corner. To this end, truth was suppressed and falsehood cast abroad by a Cabinet of yes-men, Mellon, Lamont, Hyde, whose pronouncements, in Milton's vigorous words, "would give a vomit to God himself."

It may be unduly optimistic to suggest that the attacks on Mr. Hoover, which seem so strange to Mr. Train, are a sign that the fascination and usefulness of his type of character and career are under reëxamination. Mr. Hoover is the tenth President to illustrate the program dear to every American boy's ambitious heart: "From Log Cabin to White House." In his essay on "American Individualism," he plays consciously on that ambition when he cites the fact that of twelve men in the Harding administration, "nine have earned their own way in life without economic inheritance." What heart vibrates to that string today? Mr. Hoover's own ideas are a fair test of the value of his type of character to us at this crisis. "The most potent force in society is its ideals." What kind of ideals? "Perhaps the greatest human happiness flows from personal achievement." What kind of achievement? "The ghastly failure of Russia." By what test? "If we would have the values of individualism . . . they must be tempered with that firm and fixed ideal of Am[illegible]

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to do what? "What we need today is devotion to a better, brighter, broader individualism, an individualism that carries increasing responsibility and service to our fellows." Service in what sense? "Do we not refer to our veterans as service men?" How does Mr. Hoover refer to them in private when discussing the bonus?

These utterances, acclaimed by The New York Times ten years ago as "among the few great formulations of American political theory," today ring flat and false. It is natural to interpret them in the light of Mr. Hoover's career; but granting that his career is wholly admirable according to the standards by which he naturally measured himself, the adequacy of the principles on which it was conducted remains in doubt. Mr. Hoover's career divides itself into two halves, one dominated by individualism, the other by service. There was never a time when he believed in or practised coöperation. As food administrator, he was a dictator: the only coöperation he solicited was that of credulous people who believed his slogans, or clever ones who took advantage of them. In the incursion of the A. R. A. into Russia he would have no participation by other agencies, no form of coöperation with the Soviet government. As President he has no conception of the state as the organ of general welfare, the highest form of cooperative action among citizens. On the contrary, it is a fact-finding agency for facts which may be juggled, or a source of special privilege, access to which must be restricted to business men, bankers and others whose training has made them hard-boiled enough to endure without deterioration the insidious effects of hand-outs. The individualism of the unemployed must be respected, even if they starve. Government is an opportunity for himself and a few favorites to render "service"; never a means of developing opportunity and reward as social values. That his conception of coöperation among nations is rudimentary is shown by his fanatical opposition to recognition of the Soviet government. Doubtless Mr. Hoover has found his greatest happiness in personal achievement. He has totally missed the truth enunciated by Professor Dewey when he declares: "Shared activity is the greatest of human goods," and "There is no form of activity so rewarding as concerted consensus of activity."

It is the inadequacy of Mr. Hoover's ideas, not the delinquencies of his behavior, in regard to which, to use the idiom of his boyhood, we have a concern today. It is this which makes his reëlection loom as a disaster to the nation, a danger to the world. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Inheritance Tax

Flesh Is Heir, by Lincoln Kirstein. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.50.

"FLESH IS HEIR" is made up of seven episodes, each of them describing an influential event in the life of the central character, Roger Baum, who is obviously to be identified in some respects with the author. The first episode, dated 1922, concerns a peculiar experience of Baum's in preparatory school. Others describe his observations in a glass works, his contacts with an exotic group in London and Paris, his first year at college, and his admiration for Diaghilev and the ballet. The next to the last, which is perhaps the most searching, analyzes Roger's jealousy of his sister's lover. The concluding episode depicts Roger's emotions at the romantic marriage of a very ro- [illegible] Alexander [illegible] on their thought. By this time, however, it is clear even

Mr. Kirstein has laid aside most of the trappings of the youthful autobiographical novel as it has developed from "This Side of Paradise" to "Look Homeward, Angel." The reader will find here no tense descriptions of amatory experiments, no turgid philosophizings, no confessions of despair. He will, indeed, be struck by the essential bareness of the book. Roger Baum is, after all, presented as an intelligent and sophisticated youth, blessed with uncommon opportunities for self-development. Yet singularly little development takes place during the eight years the books covers, and at the close he is the confused and helpless schoolboy of the first episode. During the eight years he has met a certain number of persons who have both attracted and frightened him and who—for reasons never made clear to the reader—have strongly influenced him. To such a person he is in bondage at the end as well as at the beginning of the book.

When it has been said that "Flesh Is Heir" is pleasantly written, that Roger Baum makes a reasonably attractive hero, and that most of the characters are interesting in a bizarre way, there is not much more that needs saying; but the case of the author remains an interesting one. As a Harvard undergraduate, Lincoln Kirstein founded The Hound and Horn, which has occupied a not unimportant place in our intellectual life. Beginning rather unpretentiously and with no precise indication of direction, it soon became the semi-official organ of a certain tendency in American thought, the journal of the young men who accepted the leadership of T. S. Eliot—the young men who attacked the Humanists for not being humanistic, flirted with Catholicism, and displayed considerable profiency in a hard and purely quantitative sort of criticism.

It is, of course, impossible to know how far Mr. Kirstein has dictated the policies of The Hound and Horn, but he is the only person who has continuously served as editor during the five years of its existence. And now Mr. Kirstein has, with a very creditable frankness, put himself on exhibition. As has already been indicated, he is seen to be a rather simple, confused and impressionable young man. The contrast between the Roger Baum of the book and the Lincoln Kirstein of the magazine is very much like the contrast between The Hound and Horn's stories and its articles and reviews. The stories are, for the most part, direct and almost childishly behavioristic accounts of naïve and bewildered persons. They are quite unrelated to the subtle and dignified philosophies, the impressive erudition, the pretentious self-discipline of the articles.

The contrast suggests that the spectacular structure to whose erection The Hound and Horn is devoted rests upon dangerously unsubstantial foundations. Mr. Kirstein, his fellow editors and most of their contributors have leisure, the means to publish a magazine, and enough intelligence to master the ideas of others. Belonging to the leisure class, they have desired a leisure-class culture to sustain them, and they have tried to patch one together out of whatever odds and ends lay at hand—Eliot's royalism, Maritain's neo-Thomism, tags of classical learning, and an acquaintance with the names and often, indeed, the works of various recondite authors. That such a hodge-podge could be, and in a sense deserved to be, taken seriously is a commentary on the state of American criticism.

But there are signs that the structure is already cracking. The depression, which has blown down so many pretty castles, is remote enough from the young men of The Hound and Horn to have had little immediate effect

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to make the patrons of this leisure-class culture, are concerned with much more urgent problems. There is, in short, no real basis for all their efforts. In what direction will they now turn? Mr. Kirstein's novel may be an indication, for it is, as the publishers proclaim, "essentially romantic." "Please, Mr. Producer," Kirstein pleads in a recent Hound and Horn theatre chronicle, "give us excitement, romantic excitement, heroes and heroines. We don't want to see ourselves any longer."

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Emily Dickinson's Own Story

Letters of Emily Dickinson, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. New York: Harper and Brothers. 457 pages. $4.

IT WOULD be difficult to overestimate the importance of the new material in this later edition of the "Letters of Emily Dickinson." Passages now offered for the first time and the many wholly new letters must deflect many an argument. In view of the open understanding fully shown to have existed between Emily Dickinson and her brother Austin about Edward Dickinson, it becomes impossible to picture her as suppressed or emotionally entangled in relation to her father. She wrote of him with singular freedom and detachment, with humor and satire. Of his attitude at the Jenny Lind concert she said it was "as if old Abraham had come to the show," and she was ready with an amused, firm contradiction of his views at a dozen points. Her vigorous perspective was indeed a rare thing in so closely united a family. The bond was probably deep, but most of Emily Dickinson's bonds were deep, when they existed at all.

This depth of connection appears again with significance in the new fullness of her correspondence with Higginson. Even the comparative abundance of the earlier collection of letters hardly suggests her intense preoccupation in this relation. Some of the letters read like love letters, as do some of those to Samuel Bowles. But here too her attitude is hardly to be explained in terms of a suppressed personal emotion. Both the ardor and the marked self-consciousness of these letters seem to spring from her concern for her poetry.

No doubt for many readers the most provocative passages in this new volume will be those relating to Charles Wadsworth: yet unless the critic is determined to press character into a pattern it may trouble him to draw conclusions from these. A profound reverence is plain, with an unaffected candor, and a greater sureness and simplicity than in any of the other letters. They embody a marked change in stylistic movement from those to Higginson, for example, of approximately the same time. Perhaps they indicate love, but one could hardly be sure. A single letter concerning Mrs. Dickinson's death, in the same year, reveals something of the same self-possession.

Perhaps for those critics and biographers whose task it is to find a simple equation for the life and character of Emily Dickinson, this volume will not suffice. But one fancies that the equation will always be incomplete, whatever revelations may come, whatever surprises, for a reason which is amply indicated here. A profound and exquisite enigma of character is drawn, which may always elude a chain of circumstance and of theory. Rather more than most complicated personalities, Emily Dickinson was a different being to different people; and each relationship—with Abiah Strong, with her brother Austin, with Higginson, with her Norcross cousins and finally with Mrs.

quaintance who had known Charles Wadsworth—was fulfilled with extraordinary singleness and intensity. Contrasts in essential mood appear, ranging from warmth and naturalness to a fine-spun, highly self-conscious inversion. There are many clear-cut differences in tone, music, feeling, style, according to the correspondent. Humor appears in most of the groups of letters, but this too takes different forms—an easy irreverence in writing to her brother Austin, a sharply, even maliciously, satirical touch at times for the amusement of the Norcross cousins, an old-fashioned gayety for Abiah Strong, and the sublimated wit of many of the letters to Higginson. It was a stroke of genius on the part of Mrs. Todd to arrange the letters according to the correspondents with a few main threads drawn together at the end. The book is in substance a many-sided autobiography, supplementing the implicit revelation of the poems, which in any case offer life and character distilled and, unfortunately, lack a chronology.

Force Emily Dickinson certainly possessed, to spend herself so lavishly in this richly diversified sheaf of letters—besides many others—and in the incredible abundance of the poems. She has often been too much etherealized and simplified, perhaps because of her frequently indicated sense of a "porcelain world," perhaps because her original reception was in the nineties when certain more obvious spiritual values were stressed. The legend of her seclusion has heightened the effect, particularly as focused in relation to a love affair. Again these letters are a corrective. A careful reading shows that the move toward seclusion appeared early and that probably many motives were interwoven to produce it. Mrs. Todd suggests that withdrawal might be natural for one who contained so many worlds within herself. In any case this was broken by the intensity with which Emily Dickinson was absorbed by her many distant personal relationships. Shyness may account in part for her withdrawal, yet the testimony is abundant that as a girl she was not shy; and her approach in later years to Colonel Higginson as a stranger was not shy, even though it took the most delicate form of expression. He has left an impression of her as fragile, yet he said, "I never was with anyone who drained my nerve power so much." A friend whose memoir is included in this volume believed that her withdrawal may have come about through an "ungratified desire for distinction," and that even her wearing of white indicated a wish to separate herself from the mass of minds.

Another influence may have been the anxiety of members of her family, who noted her small patience with the really commonplace and the great intensity of most of her reactions. The memorable letter on the Fourth of July fire suggests this, with Lavinia insisting that the light in the sky came only from the celebration, obviously trying to shield her sister from shock. Emily Dickinson's small turn at this point is significant. She tenderly and abstractedly noted Lavinia's deception, at the same time gathering a most beautiful and detached impression of color and sound as she gazed out of the window. Here, as at larger points, she took her own somewhat incalculable direction.

Perhaps the simplest sequence to appear in these letters is that which reveals the growth of a poetic style, from the early flowing phrases which have a touch of the weeping willow, even in sentiment, and were undoubtedly borrowed from the era, to the aphoristic notations which were Emily Dickinson's own. New England locutions give way to something austere and abstract. Characteristic rhythms begin to play through the long waterfalls of sentences; rhymes appear in the prose, then whole poems were written

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ite assonance. Finally poems are sown through the letters as by an irresistible preoccupation. Yet other gifts are scattered along the way. Here in embryo are touches which suggest the novelist—not the novelist of her own period, rather of our own, with an exemplary genius for omission.

For many readers this volume of letters will supersede biographies. Here in ellipsis are the outlines of family life, of simple surroundings, something of the New England of the time, and of Amherst. Ellipsis is fitting: too close and colorful a drawing would be unsuitable for Emily Dickinson. One could wish that the more spectacular circumstances which have held the foreground of late in relation to her life might vanish to pinpoints or be taken as casually as one turns a page. Defining the rare and special quality of intellectualism in the writings of Emily Dickinson—even in these letters—would seem more important than accumulating proof that she experienced the emotion of love: one surmises that from the poems. Anyone will welcome genuine light, yet it would seem that almost enough is shown here of biographical sequence. These letters reveal what is essential—a subtle drama of genius and character.

CONSTANCE ROURKE.

The Literature of the East

The Dawn of Literature, by Carl Holliday. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 366 pages. $3.50.

I HAVE no doubt that there are thousands who could read this book with considerable profit. But although so much is patent to me I cannot recommend "The Dawn of Literature." A book of this kind should be written by one who is something of a scholar, not necessarily an authority, but one who knows where to go for his material and who has enough literary judgment to distinguish between translations which are meaningful and those which are facile. Dr. Holliday has enthusiasm for his subject, but in his short preface he can make this sort of large statement: "A thousand years before the Greeks and Romans had composed their 'Iliad' and their 'Aeneid,' the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Chinese and the Hebrews had written lofty poetry, enchanting fiction and profound philosophy." Would one who had made himself familiar with dates established by not very recent authorities commit himself to this opinion? Egyptian and Babylonian writings are anterior to the "Iliad." But is there any Indian literature anterior to it? And is there extant any Persian text that is nearly as old as the "Iliad"? Hebrew literature is not older, and I cannot remember that any scholar I have read has definitely assured me that there is in Chinese any "lofty poetry," or "enchanting fiction," to say nothing of "profound philosophy" before the generally accepted date for the composition of the "Iliad." Dr. Holliday is one of those spokesmen who think that antiquity adds to the dignity of their subject.

In his Indian chapter he speaks of Sanskrit as being "the virile forefather of most of the languages of Europe and Asia." This implies that Greek, Latin, Celtic, Slavonic and Germanic are related to that cultivated Indian language in the sense that French, Spanish and Italian are related to Latin; he must know that this is not the case. His chapter on "The Dawn in China" ends with this curious statement: "The verses of the 'Shi-king' and of a [illegible] poems are now in English but apart from a few translations in French, they are not known to the world." I call this a curious statement because one would think that a writer with the standing of Dr. Holliday would actually take the trouble to find out what translations from Chinese have been made into French and how they could be profited by.

"The Dawn in Palestine," which ends the book, gives a fairly good account of the development of the literature which we possess in the Bible. In the opening of this chapter the writer makes a comment which is revelatory. "It was as natural for Jesus to be created in Israel as for an Edison or a Ford to be created in America." Which shows that the author of "The Dawn of Literature" is among those who are not able to distinguish between what is superior and what is unique. And those who are not able to make such distinction are unsafe guides in matters of culture.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

BAYLE THE SKEPTIC, by Howard Robinson. *New York: Columbia University Press. 344 pages. $4.25.*

Pierre Bayle, the Father of Encyclopedias, heretic, free-thinker and popular philosopher, possibly contributed more to the eighteenth-century Enlightenment than any other single man. This sober study of his sedentary life, and now somewhat prosaic thought, will not excite any great renewal of interest in the precursor of Voltaire—unless some readers are moved to seek out those passages in the famous "Dictionary" about Abraham, David and the other biblical characters which Bayle treated so light-handedly. His actual contribution to philosophical thought is considerably overshadowed by the fact that he was a contemporary of Spinoza and Locke. And this study, though valuable, perhaps, as a straightforward history, does not reach down to the real foundations of the Enlightenment, foundations which Bayle himself helped signally to build.

HOLY PRAYERS IN A HORSE'S EAR, by Kathleen Tamagawa. *New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. 264 pages, illustrated. $3.*

Her father (Japanese) married her mother (Irish-American), producing an international problem which became in time as much a matter of vanity as of circumstance. Until her fourteenth year she lived in America, where she was called a "chink" by the gutter hundred-percenters; then she went to Japan, intending to Japanize herself, but was called "foreigner." The fourteen American years were decisive; the family retreated to the Occidental colony in Tokio, where in due time the right man (American) came along. Marriage settled the international problem as it settles so many others. All of which for some reason has been made into a book.

PENOLOGY

PRISONS OF TOMORROW, edited by Edwin H. Sutherland and Thorsten Sellen. *Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science. 262 pages. $2.50.*

This is a valuable symposium of the prison problem prepared by well known penologists, including Austin H. MacCormick, E. R. Cass, Sanford Bates and George W. Kirchwey, "for those who are looking for information on the work of our prisons." Emphasis is placed upon what prisons should be, not on what they are. The twenty-four subjects discussed by as many authorities range from "The Historical Background of Our Prisons" to "Education in the Prisons of Tomorrow," and includes chapters on the "American Prisons Today" and "The Prison Labor Problem." The last-named chapter is weak in that it does not deal in human terms with the conditions faced by the convict-slaves, but emphasizes the economics of the problem. There is also an article each on the prisons of England, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Mexico and the Scandinavian countries. No other single volume gives so much [illegible] penology.

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SHOULD PRISONERS WORK? by Louis N. Robinson. *Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. 350 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Robinson thinks that every able-bodied prisoner should work, for "to make bricks without straw is easy compared with the task of making decent citizens out of criminals without work." He thinks the chief cause of idleness among part of the prison population is "the absence of any settled public opinion in favor of adequate work"; so he sets out in his study of the prison labor problem in the United States to mold that opinion. Toward this end he puts about all the figures available on convict labor—as poor as they are—into one volume. For any book that claims to be a "comprehensive analysis" of the prison-labor problem, entirely too little space is devoted to the hopeless lot of the prisoners who do work—the great majority—under conditions that no one can claim are conducive to good citizenship.

Fiction

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE, by John Cowper Powys. *New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.75.*

This is a long novel—very long—1,174 pages and close to 500,000 words. But length is, perhaps, a necessity to a novel which stops at nothing short of the First Cause to explain itself, and concerns itself with a dozen metaphysical backgrounds—Christianity in various forms, druidism, individual paganism, the cult of the Grail, communism, etc. The forty-five characters, in outward aspect, run the full scale of contemporary English life. The book, strangely, is not dull. Powys, as he showed in "Wolf Solent," a much better novel, is able to write glamorously, even when writing nonsense, of which there is a great deal in this volume. There are a few fine scenes scattered through the mélange.

Contributors

Sumner H. Slichter is professor of Business Economics at Harvard University and the author of "Modern Economic Society," a survey of the present economic order.

Lizette Woodworth Reese is the author of many volumes of verse, the most recent being "White April," which was published by Farrar and Rinehart.

Joseph P. Lash, a student in the Graduate School of English at Columbia University and a member of the Industrial Research Group, was one of the young men and women who recently received a liberal education at the hands of the Bell County authorities.

Jonathan Mitchell, who was formerly a European correspondent of The New York World, is the author of the recently published "Goose Steps to Peace."

T. S. Matthews, the author of "To the Gallows I Must Go," having been granted leave of absence from Time, of which he was literary editor, is at present in Mallorca, writing a novel.

Paul Rosenfeld, novelist, critic of art, literature and music, and an editor of "The American Caravan," is at present completing his second novel.

Constance Rourke is the author of "Trumpets of Jubilee," "Troupers of the Gold Coast" and "American Humor: A Study of the National Character," her most recent book.

Padraic Colum, Irish poet and critic, contributor to magazines both here and abroad, is the author of a number of books, the most recent being "Orpheus: Stories from the World's Mythologies" and "Crossroads in Ireland." His collected poems were published this month by the Macmillan Company.

"The American Jitters," Edmund Wilson's new book, which includes, in revised form, many of the articles he has contributed to The New Republic during the past

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